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DOSSIER

Scott and Beth B. Care to guess their favorite color?
Photo by Jon Ericson

THE KILLER B's

All of our films are about undesirables. I find them more real in a sense. How many times can you go to a film to see some beautiful piece of bullshit and then go home to your disgusting, dilapidated building and worry about where the money's gonna come from to pay the rent?

—Beth B

As independent NYC filmmakers, **Scott B and Beth B** (Mr. and Mrs.) are in the enviable position of being able to satisfy their landlord without compromising their art. Within five years their self-described "B-Movies" have evolved from raw Super-8 shorts to polished 16mm features, from screenings at rock clubs to sellouts at the New York Film Festival.

The B's share an amiably perverse aesthetic that mines the past (film noir, the hard-boiled dialogue of trashy thrillers, and the stark visuals of German Expressionists like Lang and Murnau) to forge a vision of the future, using a healthy dose of contemporary politics and paranoia. Like many a Midwestern transplant, they are as adept at fashioning their own public persona—the cool allure of black leather and post-punk cynicism—as they are at romanticizing Gotham's the Big Apple as an emotional microcosm.

The B's abandoned sculpture and the "analytical and formal" art scene in 1978, and found "fresh energy and a much larger audience" by allying themselves with the nascent No Wave rock scene, centered around groups like the Contortions, Teenage Jesus and the Jerks, and DNA. The interaction proved particularly beneficial—in Lydia Lunch (then with Teenage Jesus), and other downtown musicos like Adele Bertei and John Lurie, the B's found engaging, idiosyncratic screen personalities and innovative collaborators for

"... pictorial compositions worthy of Samuel Fuller, narration reminiscent of a low-rent James M. Cain, and solid characterizations."

lurid charms. "It's the world put into the art," Beth explains, and B films successfully evoke the visual/visceral claustrophobia of their memorable film soundtracks.

G-Man, the first and least-exhibited B-film, "is about this chief terrorist inspector who goes to a whorehouse for a dominance session while the terrorists are publishing their book and selling it at Francois." The irony of the scenario derives from the deadpan presentation of these far-from-implausible situations: for the B's, hypocrisy, horror, and humor are united in an unlikely equation, and sarcasm, "the reporter that edges a knife under a person's skin," becomes the measuring needle on the laugh-o-meter.

Painted political critique surfaces in ***Black Box***, which simulates the disorientation and nerve destruction produced by an

Lydia Lunch doesn't find very much to laugh at in *Vortex*.

actual torture device that is manufactured in Texas with a barrage of noise and psychedelic imagery that "traps an audience and forces them to react." Equally chilling, the 1979 short ***Letters to Dad*** creates a tone poem from the combination of a low electronic hum and talking head recitations of letters written to Jim Jones by his followers.

The Offenders, originally executed as an eight-week serial in 1979-80, proves the B's are not bereft of humor. Adele Bertei stars as a streetwise gang leader who escapes a kidnapping by the nefarious Lizard (Lurie) and an attempted reconciliation with her distraught father (Bill Rice) who drinks vodka with Pepto-Bismol chasers. Hammy acting, sight gags, and a soap opera-cum-surf music soundtrack heighten the fun, but the B's achieve more than classic Ed Wood—offering pictorial compositions worthy of Samuel Fuller (*Pickup on South Street*), narration reminiscent of a low-rent James M. Cain, and solid characterizations.

The 16mm ***Vortex*** [screened at the '82 New York Film Festival, and arguably the first above-ground B-movie], "was based on our research and paranoia about the government trying to control aberrant groups and corporate involvement with government activities." Lydia Lunch displays throwaway comic brilliance as Angel Fowers, the hard-boiled, couldn't-give-a-shit private eye. While investigating a recursive weapons manufacturer (Bill Rice in the post-eyes portrayal of the Howard Hughes persona), Angel encounters complications by unwittingly falling in love with Demmer (James Russo), the organization's psychotically ambitious right-hand man, with murder and mayhem the obvious result.

On an unbelievably low budget (approx. $100,000), the B's manage to achieve their most stylish imagery to date, with deliberately paced, often excruciatingly long takes that emphasize the feeling that "you're watching the whole thing through a surveillance camera." The opening scene was intended to utilize Abscam transcripts, but the language was so foul that the B's rewrote it, fearing that the audience wouldn't believe it. "Reality is so much weirder than fiction," Scott concludes, "it's insane."

—David Keeps

(B Movies, 45 Crosby St, New York City 10012)

The B List

(The B's favorite B-films)

Testament of Doctor Mabuse (Fritz Lang)

The Naked Kiss (Samuel Fuller)

Der Golem (original silent version)

Once Upon a Time in the West (Sergio Leone)

Straightjacket (William Castle)

Written on the Wind (Douglas Sirk)

Requiem for a Heavyweight (Ralph Nelson's TV version)

Repulsion (Roman Polanski)

Freaks (Todd Browning)

B LP

Beth and Scott B's ***Vortex Soundtrack*** (Neutral Records) is the rarest of treats—mood music for manic depressives—featuring some of downtown Manhattan's most innovative musicians in a potpourri of cheap thriller jazz, funky bass riffs, and sleazy saxophony. Thrill to "Main Title"'s haunting strains, featuring **Konk** members **Richard Edson** and **Angel Quinones**, and **Lounge Lizard John Lurie** on sax. Chill to Scott and Beth B hammering away on piano strings on "Demmer's Theme" and "Stairs." Melt to the mournful piano refrain in the otherwise ominous "End Zone" by the B's and avant-composer **Jeffrey Lohn**. Squirm to the twisted slide guitar and gruesome vocals of **Lydia Lunch**'s "Gray Death." Groove to the ultra-subversive dance mix of "Black Ba-Ba Deca," featuring actual dialogue ("Shut up . . . shut up and suffer.") from that film set to an irresistible boogie beat. And, best yet, swoon to the silken balladry of co-producer **Adele Bertei** (of the late, lamented Bleeds) on "Once in a Lifetime," a potent snippet that proves there's soul below 14th Street.

—David Keeps

[Neutral Records, 415 Lafayette St, NY 10003]

CLASSICAL MODERNISM

They still write classical music? Sounds weird. Classical music means Mozart, Bach, Beethoven—the classics. Today's music is rock, jazz, country, R&B, Broadway, maybe *Star Wars* and hardcore. What's left for classical composers to do? And classical audiences mostly like the old stuff anyway, as if they listen to classical music mainly as an escape from the modern world.

But composers are still writing it. They're in an odd spot—like scholars, their audience is each other (though every so often, as a sociologist bursts into public view on the *New York Times* Op-Ed page, one of them breaks out of the "new music" ghetto and gets a piece played by the New York Philharmonic). No wonder so much of their music is dry. No wonder that even when it isn't, they often talk about it in jargon only other composers can understand, making it seem far less appealing than it really is.

And yes, a lot of it *is* appealing. Or maybe that's the wrong word. Melody—catchy or surgingly passionate—was well-mapped territory as far back as a hundred years ago. Modern music has its own kind of melody: biting (Bartók, Shostakovich), delirious (Schoenberg, Berg, Boulez), or free-floating and purified (Lou Harrison, John Cage in his early works, like the *String Quartet*). But what's unique to our century is a love for new and dizzying extremes of sound: dissonant harmony; electronics; new instruments; new ways to combine old instruments, or even new ways to play them; disjointed or else brutally simple rhythms lurching continuity; textures as busy and stimulating as Times Square on a Saturday night. Structure, too, was taken to extremes—in the fifties serial composers arranged the building blocks of music in arbitrary order, and then rearranged them over and over, in a fanatical search for cross-references between any moment in their music and everything that comes after and before. And finally there were extremes of stillness: music so quiet it was only a step away from silence.

"Melody—catchy or surgingly passionate—was well-mapped territory as far back as a hundred years ago."

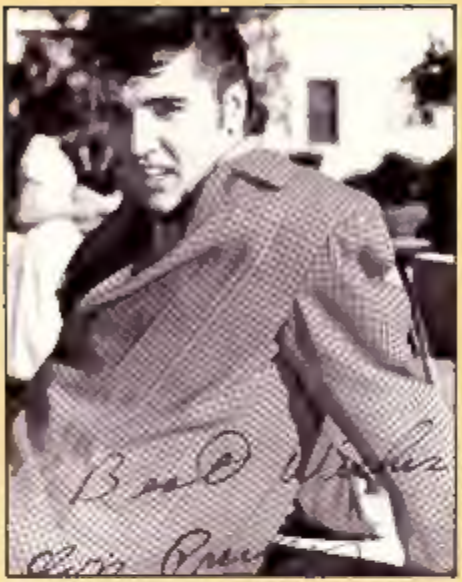
Some of this has happened lately in rock; you've read about it here. What classical music offers is variety, intellectual challenge, and emotional depth, exactly (as I said here in January) what you look for when you turn from *Charlie's Angels* to *Moby Dick*, though with twentieth century works the comparison really ought to be with Joyce, Kafka, Borges, or Marquez. If you like art that takes an eggbeater to your heart and head, you ought to give modern classical music a try. And don't worry what the symphony crowd thinks—you might be just the audience the composers are waiting for.

—Gregory Sandow

Recommended Listening

Begin at the source: twentieth century classics like Bartók (*Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion*; *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta*; *Third, Fourth and Fifth String Quartets*), Stravinsky (*The Rite of Spring*, *Les Noces*), Schoenberg (*Pierrot Lunaire*, *Five Pieces for Orchestra*, *String Trio*), Berg (*Lyric Suite*, *Wozzeck*, *Violin Concerto*), Webern (*Five Movements for String Quartet*, *Symphony Op. 21*), Ives ("Holidays" Symphony), Varèse (*Ionization*, *Octandre*—a must for noise fans), and Ruggles (his complete music is on one double CBS album). The choices listed below are both personal favorites and authentic post-war Greatest Hits, limited mainly by the availability of records, preferably on major labels so you'll have some hope of finding them. I've left out conservatives who try to write like the classical composers of the past. Some of them write good music, but what can you learn from it? I've left out minimalists like Riley, Glass, and Reich because their music has crossover pop appeal and you may (should) already know it. The Americans on my list are mostly experimental, and the Europeans mostly mainstream, non-experimental Americans who feel like complaining should write better music instead.

Luciano Berio, *Coro* (DG), *Sinfonia* (CBS), *Visage* (Candide).



Elvis. Was he cool, or what?

Pierre Boulez, *Le Marteau Sans Maître* (CBS).
John Cage, *Etudes Australes* (Tomato), *Sonatas and Interludes for Prepared Piano* (Tomato), *25-Year Retrospective Concert* (Avakian), *String Quartet* (Vox, Turnabout, DG).
George Crumb, *Ancient Voices of Children* (Nonesuch), *Black Angels* (Vox, Turnabout).
David Del Tredici, *Final Alice* (London).
Morton Feldman, *Rothko Chapel* (Odyssey).
Lou Harrison, *Suite for Violin, Piano and Small Orchestra* (CRI), *Concerto for Violin and Percussion Ensemble* (Turnabout).
György Ligeti, *Atmosphères* (CBS), *Aventures, Nouvelles Aventures* (Candide).
Olivier Messiaen, *Quartet for the End of Time* (Philips, Angel, DG), *Turangalila-Symphonie* (Angel).
Conlon Nancarrow, *Studies for Player Piano* (1750 Arch).
Karlheinz Stockhausen, *Momente* (Nonesuch).

GUYS AND DULLS

Truly cool people can't be told what to wear because they already know. But if you're *not* cool (come on, look in the mirror) and you want to pick up your life with some *attitude*, you might need more than a tube of Brylcreem. There is new hope for L-7's with **The Catalog of Cool**, edited by **Gene Sculatti** (Warner), an up-to-the-minute reference guide to the most sought after state of mind. This view of cool, through rose-colored sunglasses, sings the praise of junk food, mixed drinks, and cars, while immortalizing such hipster saints as Robert Mitchum (the first movie star busted for pot) and Jack Kerouac in a Hall of Cult Fame, all told in a series of articles by various writers. Less substantial are the endless, arbitrary lists of cool movies, TV shows, and bands, but Sculatti has included addresses for rural cats interested in mail-order cool. I don't have to tell you to snap your fingers instead of clapping, do I?

"*Elvis* is the most visually thorough biography since Norman Mailer took on Marilyn Monroe."

If you're still not in wild social demand after reading Cool, it's always advisable to follow the example of the genuine article. A worthy addition to your reference shelf is ***Elvis: The Illustrated Record*** by **Roy Carr** and **Mick Farren** (Harmony), the most visually thorough biography since Norman Mailer took on Marilyn Monroe. The book lingers over Elvis the icon from every angle, and each stage of his career—Rockabilly Elvis, G.I. Elvis, Movie Star Elvis, Vegas Elvis—is enshrined on page after page. Special credit should go to *Elvis*'s art staff for making the book rise above the level of other monotonous rockumentaries on Presley—it's a beauty. Carr and Farren's intelligent text is packed with backstage information and, thankfully, doesn't slobber over any graveyard gossip. And the book's filmography and discography (which even include bootlegs) are as meticulous as CIA reports.

—Steven Maloff

THE METAL BOX

Records in heavy rotation in Lou's living room . . .

The Residents, *Intermission* (Ralph)
Simple Minds, *New Gold Dream* (Virgin/A&M)
Captain Beefheart, *Ice Cream for Crow* (Virgin/Epic)
Cabaret Voltaire, *HAI!* (Rough Trade), *2×45* (U.K. Rough Trade), and as "The Pressure Company," *Live In Sheffield 29 Jan 82* (U.K. Sold)
Stephen Mallinder (of Cabaret Voltaire), "Temperature Drop"/"Cool Down" (U.K. Fetish)
Modern English, *After the Snow* (U.K. 4A.D.)
Ryuichi Sakamoto (of Yellow Magic Orchestra), *Left-Handed Dream* (Epic)
Scritti Politti, *Songs to Remember* (U.K. Rough Trade)
Swans EP (Labor)
Japan, "Nightporter"/"Methods of Dance"
You've Got Poetus On Your Breath, "Artie" (U.K. Self Immolation), and as "Poetus Over Frisco," *Custom-Built for Capitalism* EP (U.K. Self-Immolation)
Wall of Voodoo, *Call of the West* (IRS)
Grauzone (U.K. EMI)
D.A.F., *Für Immer* (U.K. Virgin)

—Lou Stathis

and the fresh inventiveness of *Love and Rockets* (see Lou and Matt elsewhere in this issue). Fantagraphics also covers sf-adventure with **Bojoodo** ($2.00) by **Dennis Fujitake** and *HM* contributor **Jan Strnad**, plus sex-oriented funny animals inked thirties style by NYC cartoonist **Milton Knight, Jr.**, in **Hugo** ($2.00). The bi-monthly **Nemo** ($3.50), edited by Richard Marschall, combines classic newspaper strip reprints with authoritative articles by Ron Goulart, Bill Blackbeard and others digging into the history of comics.

—Shoo

(Fantagraphics Inc., 196 West Haviland Lane, Stamford CT 06903)

WHAT'RE THE ALTERNATIVES?

History repeats itself. Some of the greatest comic books of the forties (*Dail Man, Spirit, Military*) emanated from the offices of E. M. "Busy" Arnold's Quality Comics in Stamford, Connecticut. Appropriately enough, Stamford now figures prominently in a comic rebirth, spearheaded by Gary Groth's **Fantagraphics Books**. Groth's lively, controversial **The Comics Journal** ($14.95 for nine hefty issues) has long served as both an informative trade publication for toilers in the comic book industry, and as a blistering critic of their output. With *TCJ*'s high standards, it's no surprise to find Groth's initial line of alternative comics also aiming for the apex with a diversity of titles.

The heavy artillery in Fantagraphics' arsenal is **The Survivors!** ($5.95), published in the 46-page full-color European album format. The story follows two youths, Jeremiah and Kurdy, on horseback across the wasteland of post-holocaust America. As written and drawn (beautifully) by leading Belgian artist **Hermann Huppen**, this series appeared under its original title of "Jeremiah" in *Metal Hurlant* during 1979. Fantagraphics editor Kim Thompson refers to Huppen as "undeniably one of Europe's very finest comics artists." Agreed.

Comics set in the American West are currently more popular in Europe than here. Perhaps that explains why Texan **Jack Jackson** ("Jaxon") is the USA's lone star artist of western comics. For two decades Jackson has left dust trails while staking a claim on every frontier in sight: college humor mags (*Texas Ranger*), early satirical undergrounds (*God Nose*), psychedelic rock posters (Family Dog art director), and horror-fantasy (*Skull*) before concentrating on westerns (*Comanche Moon*) beginning in 1977. Fantagraphics offers his latest, **Los Pajotes** ($7.95), as a 140-page paperback chronicling the true story of Tex-Mex freedom-fighter Juan N. Sequin. Mucho maps and documents confirm the extent of Jackson's research, evident in both writing and art. Slapping leather and spurring at full gallop, Jackson is keeping pace with that Wild Bunch of European Western artists led by Jean Giraud and his "Lieutenant Blueberry."

In addition to *Savage!*

SILLY SAVAGE

Whining's easy (I should know), and while putting your money where your mouth is might be nobler, it's also a great way to choke yourself if you blow it. The boys at Fantagraphics have been whining for a while (in *The Comics Journal*), and recently they've taken to publishing their own comics—presumably to show the guys at their critic'm's receiving end. The Way It Should Be Done. Unfortunately, their repudiation of **Bil Keane**'s **Savage** is prime gag material, a perfect example of what sucks

about mainstream comics and why only pud-brained juveniles seem to enjoy them.

Originally published in 1967 by an independent distributor (with a cover swiping Lee Marvin's face from the film *Point Blank*), *Savage* follows the tediously familiar macho-stud, adolescent-wank, fantasy prototype plaguing action-oriented comics and fiction (strong men quiver and women lubricate when he Duke-ishly strides by). Add some *Man from U.N.C.L.E.*/*Nick Fury, Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D.* super-spy horseshit, the standard-issue, crazed-with-revenge-lust mad-villain, and some really putrid writing by a usually-okay Archie Goodwin (*How Epic Illustrated* editor), and you've got another dumb comic that deserves to languish in obscurity.

"Gil Kane's *Savage* is prime gag material."

But the Fantagraphics crew has not allowed *Savage* to remain interred by history. Instead, they've presented us with a ludicrously pretentious introduction by D. C. Harvey hailing this dog as a groundbreaking effort in the "graphic novel" genre, where words and pictures achieve blissful union. Forget it. Setting aside Goodwin's grammatical goof-ups ("Blood jetted blackly from his ears and nostrils." – a color description cannot be used as an adverb), and his clumsy gropings for melodramatic punch ("A flicker of a smile touched the cruel slash that was Savage's mouth, and his hard, dark eyes grew distant . . ."), his text – no matter how good it could've been – is just plain redundant, unnecessarily repeating what is easily discernable from the art. As is the case with most comic book writers, the Goodwin of fifteen years ago was too prose bound for what is ideally an art-based medium. These lame chunks of text act only as obstructions to the smooth wheels of Kane's visual storytelling (learned from acknowledged masters like Kurtzman and Elsner, who as their own scripters could control the text as well as the art).

Some pantywaist eats lead lunch in Gil Kane's *Savage*.

In the context of its time, *Savage* perhaps could be considered an adequate pulp comic; certainly it's not deserving of attention, let alone resuscitation and bestowal of a pivotal historical role. Do the publishers and editors of this volume really believe that give?

—Lou Stathis

LOVE THAT ROCKET

Compromise is a key element in all comic books. To maintain accessibility to the masses, comic storytelling and art are fully subservient to the echoing gap most publishers imagine exists between their readers' ears.

Compromise is the only element missing from **Gilbert and Jaime Hernandez's *Love and Rockets*** (Fantagraphics). Thank God. These West Coast brothers provide over sixty pages of rapid-fire, well-choreographed storytelling—whether chasing the monster in Gilbert's epic "BEM," or following the girls in Jaime's shorter pieces. The monster's stoic rampage and behemoth reactions as the villains try to con it, form a wry drama akin to Jerry Lewis trying to outwit Giger's Alien, while Jaime's female characters are refreshing contradictions to the comic-book norm of women with tits bigger than their brains. The brothers' concern for detail is almost fanatical as they ruthlessly lampoon the set formulas found in life and other forms of entertainment.

The book's art work is impressive, with a lively fluidity that carries the reader through the intricate storylines. Influences flash from the Golden Age of brush-work to Steve Ditko's slicker days, to a European softness.

The result is a large canvas of many details—a pleasure to read over and over again—and hell, even more.

—Matt Howarth

KNOCKED ABOUT

The U. K. powers-that-be seem to have it in for **Knockabout Comics**, a publisher/distributor busted twice in the past eighteen months. Back in October of '81, eagle-eyed customs officials decided that the cat-fucking discretely depicted on the cover of ***Bizarre Sex*** #9 (Reed Waller's *Omaha, the Cat Dancer*) offended their sense of decency, an opinion shared later by the court, who promptly banned the book from sale in England. This past July, John (Bull) Law struck again, this time materializing as an Obscene Publications Squad sweep through two London distributors and two hinterland retailers in search of literature encouraging illicit drug use. Netted in this bold bit of longarming were issues of *Dope Comix* (earlier passed up by customs guys), copies of *Mama Coca* (an anthropology text on coca-leaf chewing among the Indians of Colombia), some Furry Freak Bros. adventures, and several information pamphlets published by Release, a drug-counseling organization. This latter case has yet to come to court, as the public prosecutor sits on $20,000 worth of Knockabout's stock deciding whether or not to try these depraved corrupters of youth. Welcome to the eighties.

In an effort to get back on their feet, Knockabout has produced a special **"OBSCENE ISSUE"** of their regular *Knockabout Comics* anthology series (#4). Along with some previously printed donations from American well-wishers (Crumb, Griffith, Wilson, and Shelton), the book includes some top-notch work by British underground-ers spear-headed by **Hunt Emerson's** hilarious "A. B. Seize It!," the story of obscenity told in Kustomen burlesque style. It alone is worth the price of the book (Emerson's solo book **Hoo-Ardedogs**, also published by Knockabout, is equally worth seeking out). Send money and expressions of cartoonal solidarity to: Knockabout Comics, 249 Kensal Road, London W. 10, UK (U.S. inquiries to: Kitchen Comic Works, P.O. Box 7, Princeton WI 54968).

—Lou Stathis

Hunt Emerson gives the lowdown on smut in *Knockabout Comics*.

Judge Dredd: Maggie Thatcher's secret weapon.

DREDFUL

[illegible] must be quick or non[illegible]

Throughout the three compilation volumes re[illegible] in the US **Judge Dredd** and **The Cursed Earth** [illegible] dominant in the first volume], to the bonsai, cluttered work of **Mike McMahon** (understandable when you consider the latter [illegible] **John Wagner** [illegible] **Alan Grant** [illegible] **Brian Bolland** [illegible] **Paul Mills** [illegible] too heavily of Zelazny's [illegible]

[illegible]

(Distribution by Seagate, 457 5th Avenue, Brooklyn NY 11215.)

BROODING ON CORBEN

Richard Corben [illegible] **Jeremy Brood** [illegible] ume (the first in a series) gives Corben back to his [illegible] about time, too!

Corben's star began to fade in the late seventies, when he took on projects that should've furthered his [illegible] *Bloodstar*, Corben began [illegible] comic-strip dramas. But with *Den*, the format didn't seem [illegible] changed the nature of his work. Where his early [illegible] grounds were almost non[illegible] socies destroyed the continuity and introduced a new [illegible] folio, boredom. (Of course, [illegible] editor of *HM*.

[illegible] Jon Sinad. A good sign of this collaboration had pro[illegible] Surpassing Corben's solo work, Sinad's script did [illegible] called for an elegance that the artist couldn't muster (his [illegible] appropriate), and the story [illegible]

Next was *Den II*, which [illegible] original's mistakes. It's boring, and the less said about it, the better.

Jeremy Brood appears to be Corben's attempt to make up for *Den II*, and it's a [illegible] Sinad's script is considerably more intelligent and thoroughly appropriate to Corben's powerful style. Best, though, is the creators' new-found understanding of what is needed to make [illegible] short, uneventful chapters, we are offered a single forty-eight page book-length chapter that provides enough background [illegible] tailed panels that characterize Corben's best work [illegible] style, while the backgrounds are colorful line drawings. This, combined with some [illegible] and Sinad's script brings a lot of the old Corben excite[illegible]

While the book has its flaws—sloppy word bal[illegible] and a rather dull cover—*Jeremy Brood* is colorful, sexy, violent, a little silly, and well worth the money and time you'll invest in it. It is everything *Den II* is not. What more of a recommen[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] for $5.95 from Fantagor Press, P.O. Box 5425, Kansas City MO 64131.)

HARD-BOILED DISC

Watching TV or video is generally something you do when you don't want to do anything—but a new laser disc is demanding that you [illegible] you see. It's **Videonet**'s new "MysteryDisc," called *Murder, Anyone?*, and you get

HEY, MIKE!

JOEY RAMONE REVIEWS IMAGIC

REVIEW © JOHN HOLMSTROM 1983 JAMES [illegible] AM DES RATIONS © MAG C

1ST GAME **ATLANTIS** BLAST GORGON VESSE S BEFORE THEY COME CLOSE ENOUGH TO DI ROL SHOT AND S WITH THE DEA RAY THE BOAT [illegible] ARRED AND PART S [illegible]

THIS LOOKS REAL GOOD FOR AN OLD SOUND EFFECT

WHAT A WEIRD

YIP! YIP! BOODLEOODLE BOODLEOODLE! YIP! YIP! DEEDLE DEEDLE YIP! YIP! KKKRRSH! BOODLEDOODLE! YIP! YIP!

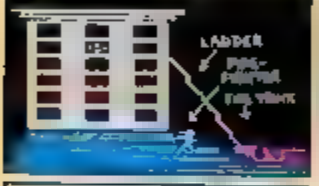
WHAT'S THAT FLYING SAUCER AT THE END?

[illegible] AT ANY ESCAPE

WHAT WAS FUN!

[illegible] YOU DON'T [illegible] DELT THE GUNS

2ND GAME **FIREFIGHTER** RESCUE THE PANICKED MAN FROM THE BURNING WAREHOUSE PUT OUT [illegible] AMES WITH YOUR HOSE SAVE BA K'S [illegible] JUMP ON AND [illegible] OF THE BUILD JET MOVING



HEY! YOU'RE SQUIRTING HIM IN THE FACE!

MAN HAHHH! THAT GUY MUST'VE DIED FROM SMOKE INHALATION BY NOW ANYWAY

AH! A HOUSE [illegible] IS OUT!

NAAH SQUIRTS [illegible]

IT'S NOT BAD. ONCE YOU GET THE HANG OF IT AND PU [illegible] THROUGH!

3RD GAME **RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX** THESE ARE DARK TIMES INDEED SHADOWS RISE & ACROSS THE VALLEY OF KINGS ANUBIS JACKAL-HEADED GOD OF THE DEAD HAS CAST HIS CURSE OVER ALL OF THE PHARAOH'S KINGDOM A PLAGUE OF SCARABS AND HORDES OF THIEVES LIE THICK UPON THE LAND & HEAR THE THIN WHINE OF DESPAIR

SING OF PHARAOH'S SON, ALL HAIL THE PRINCE OF EGYPT DELIVER US FROM THE CURSE BRAVE THE DANGERS OF THE DESERT SEEK THE ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX

HEY, LET'S DON'T KNOW ROCKS AT THIS POINT! HEH!

I'M GETTIN POINTS IS THAT POINTS OR A CLOCK?

5:30

YOU JUST GOT LOOKS LIKE IT'S SOMETHING GOOD GRAPES OR SOMETHING

GO TO THE BIRD & NAAH. YOU GOTTA GO TO THE BIRD!

SHOOT THE BIRD

WHY DON'T SHOOT

BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO GET PAST THE BIRD'S HEAD!

WHAT A WEIRD GAME

CAN'T THROW ROCKS

YOU'RE DEAD

I'LL HIDE BEHIND THIS POLE LOOKS LIKE A GAS PUMP!

YOU NEED THAT WEAPON AGAIN

WHEN NEED SOME SEX!

YOU JUST DIED!

WEAK SLOW DEATH!

GAME OVER

IT'S NOT A BAD GAME COULD SEE IF YOU'VE GOT NOTHIN TO DO YOU COULD SORTA GET TRANSFIXED BY IT, Y'KNOW?

4TH GAME **DEMON ATTACK** DESTROY DEMONS AND ACCUMULATE POINTS BEFORE YOU AND [illegible] LASER CANNON [illegible]

VOOP! VOOP! VOOP! VOOP! VKKRRSH! VOOP! VOOP!

SHOOT HIMMS [illegible] UGLY

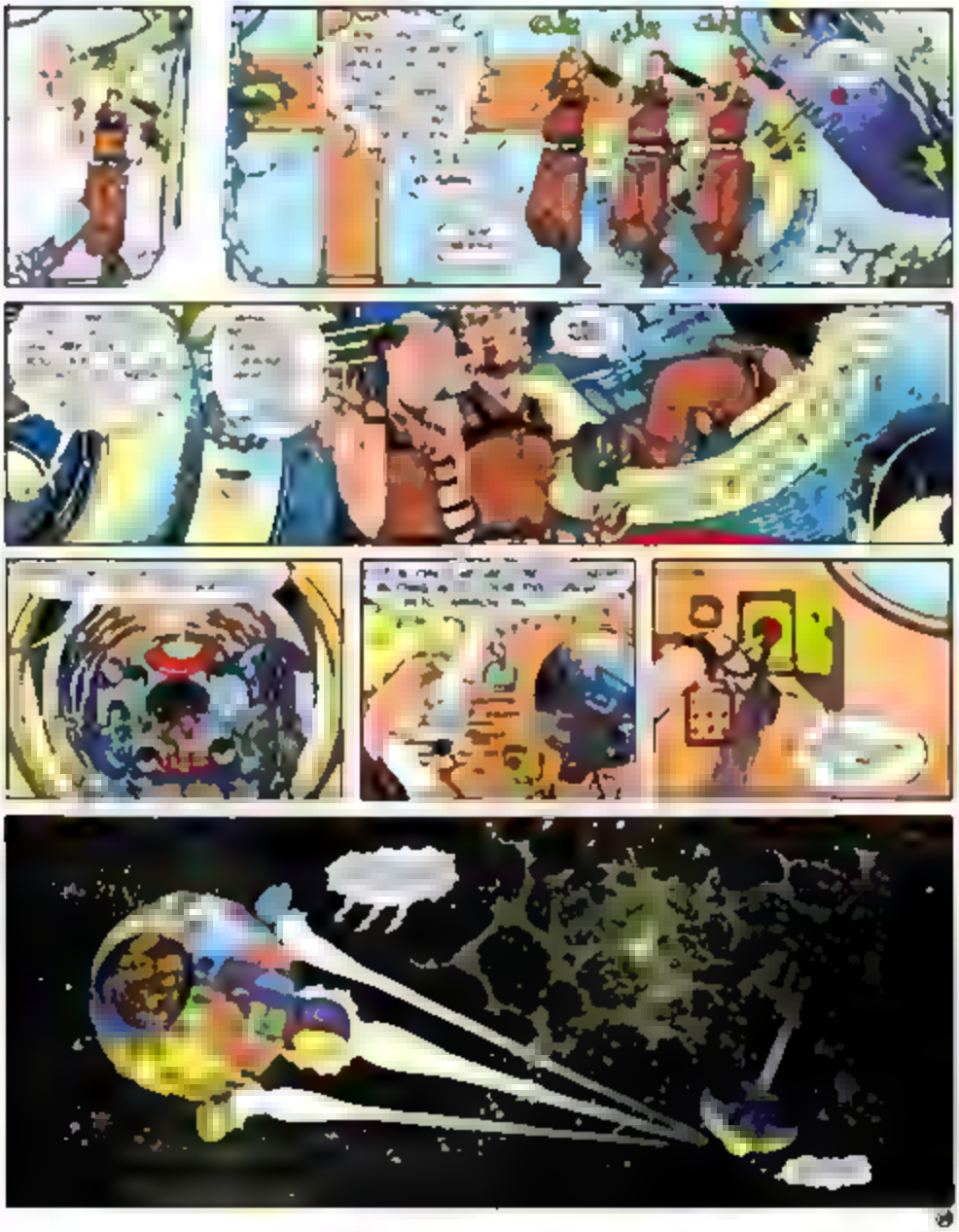
THEY'RE SANGIN' LIKE CANARIES! [illegible] A HEAD!

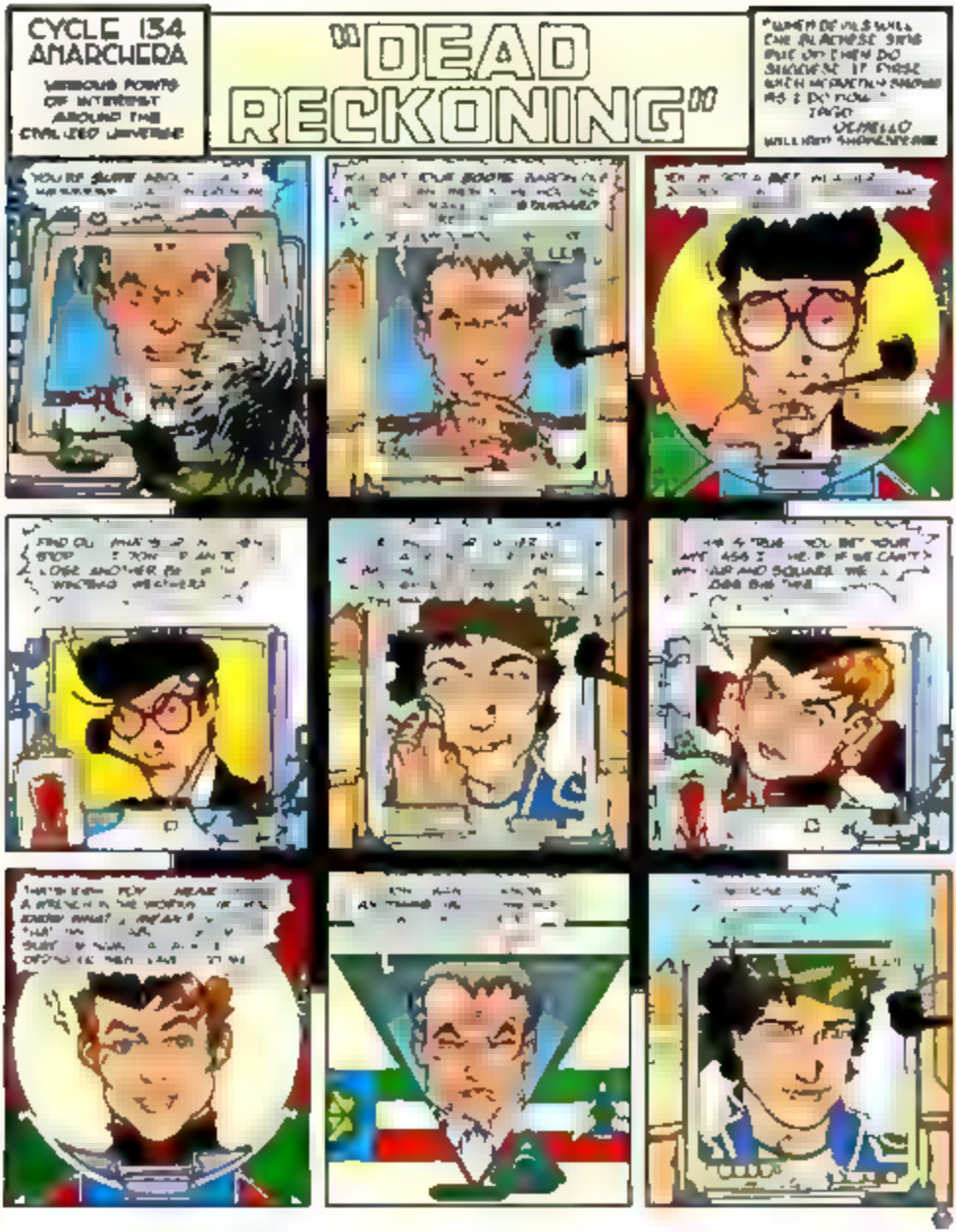
SO WHAT DO YOU [illegible]?

IT'S GOOD LIKE A LOT! THAT ONE'S MY FAVORITE! [illegible] HAL ENGING!

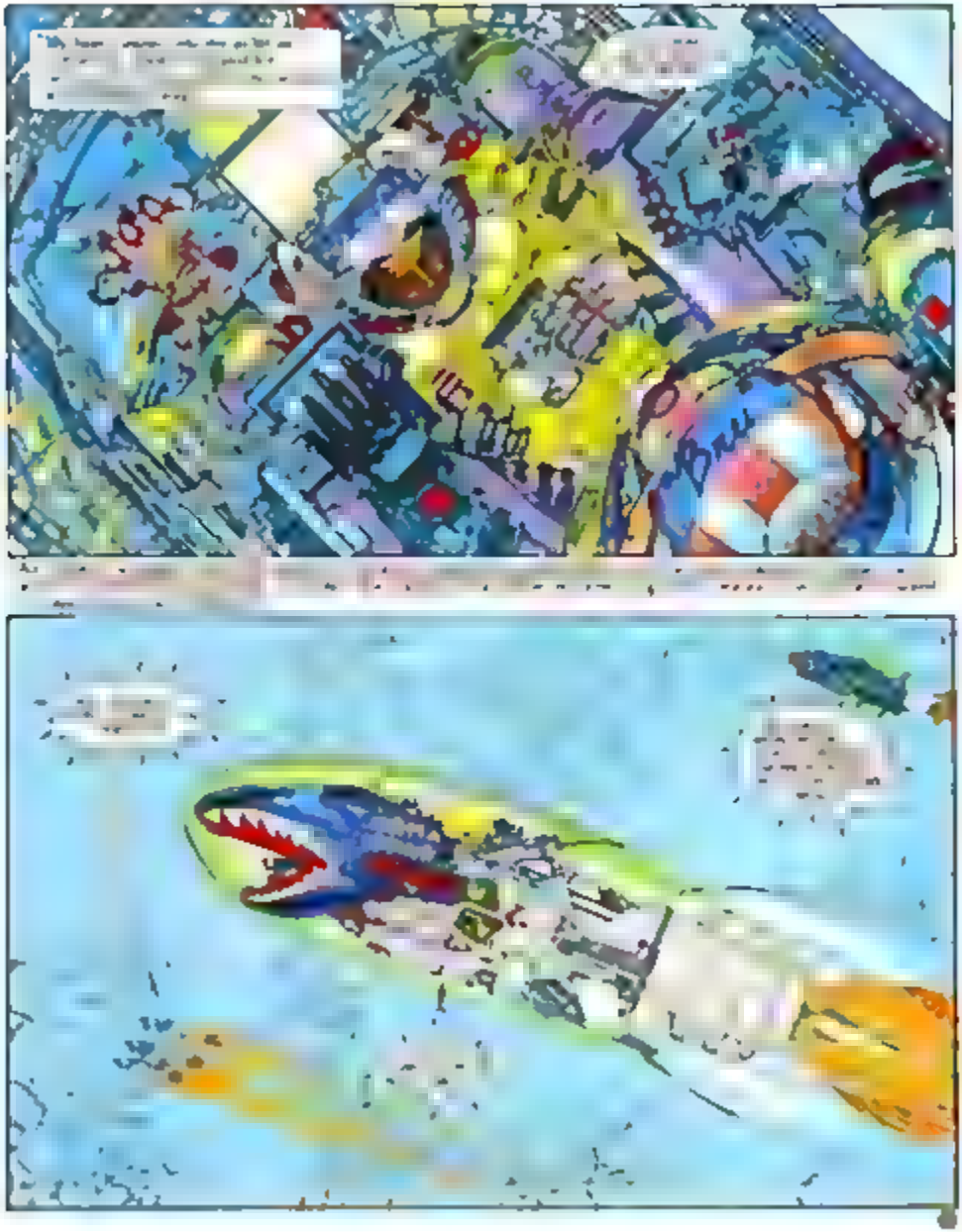
THE NEW RAMONES ALBUM **CARDINAL OF SOURS** SHOULD BE OUT NOW, SO CHECK IT OUT! IT'S A GOOD ONE

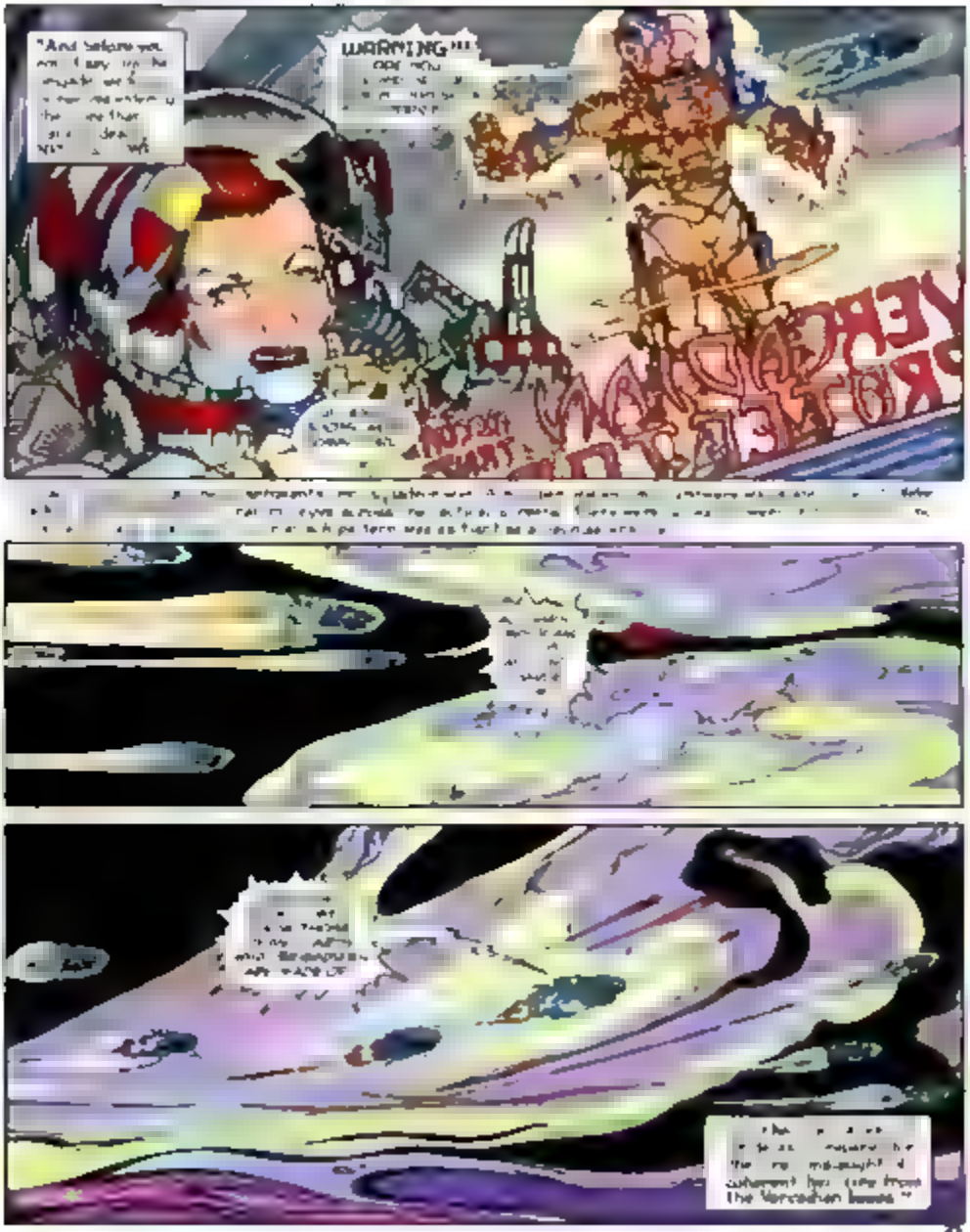
STARSTRUCK



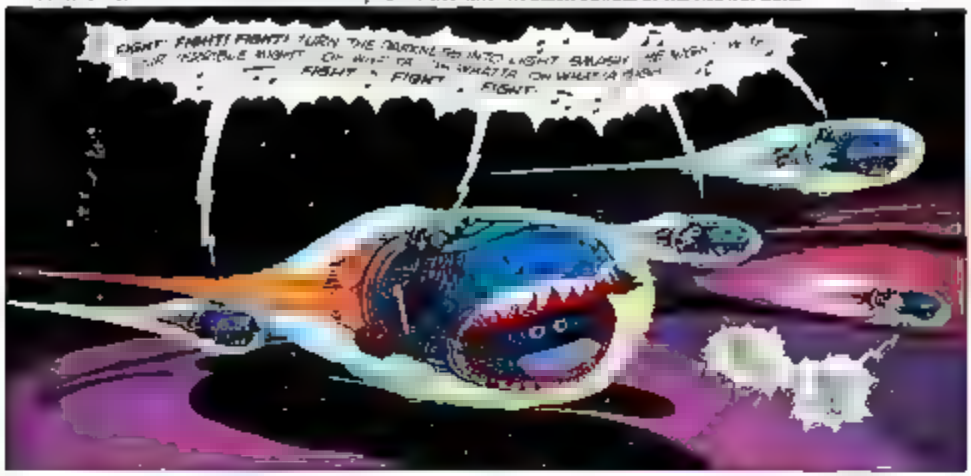

CYCLE 134
AMARCHERA
VARIOUS POINTS OF INTEREST AROUND THE CIVILIZED UNIVERSE
"DEAD RECKONING"
OTHELLO
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

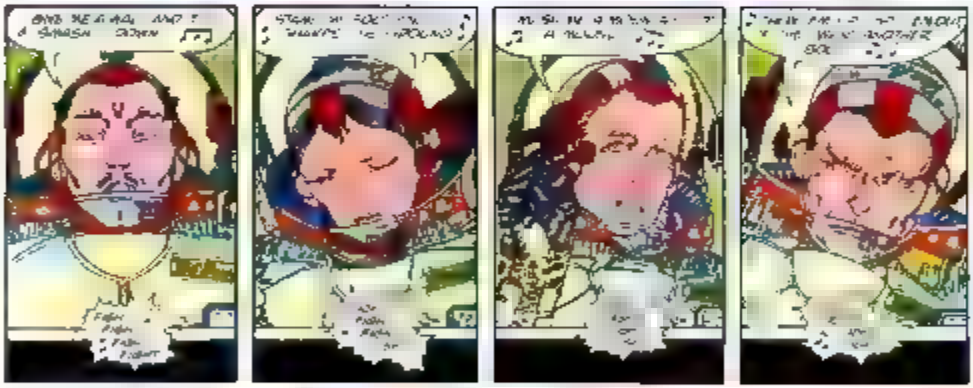
"I'VE GOT MY FINGER ON IT NOW"
Chapter IX
IS THAT AN ORDER ?!!

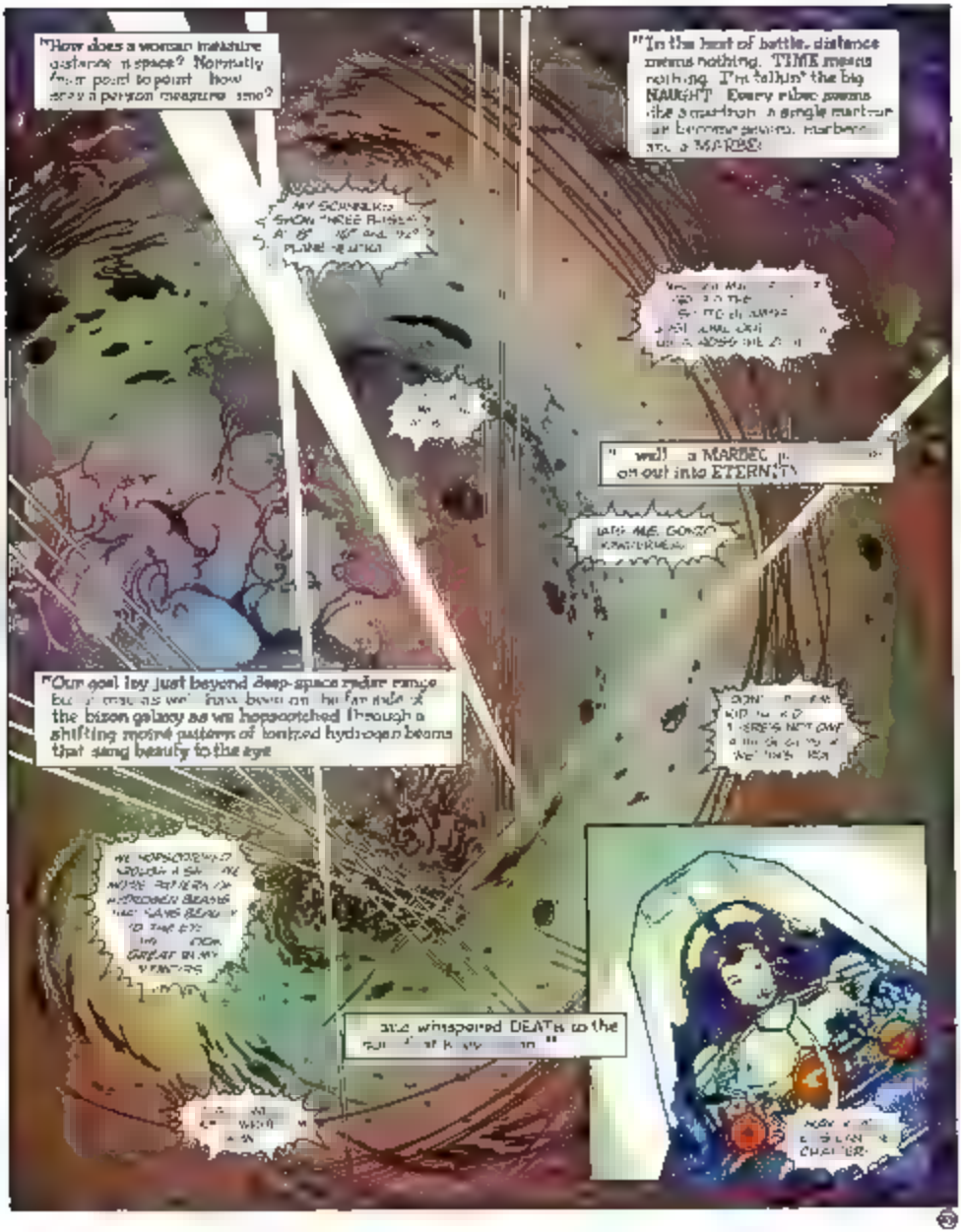


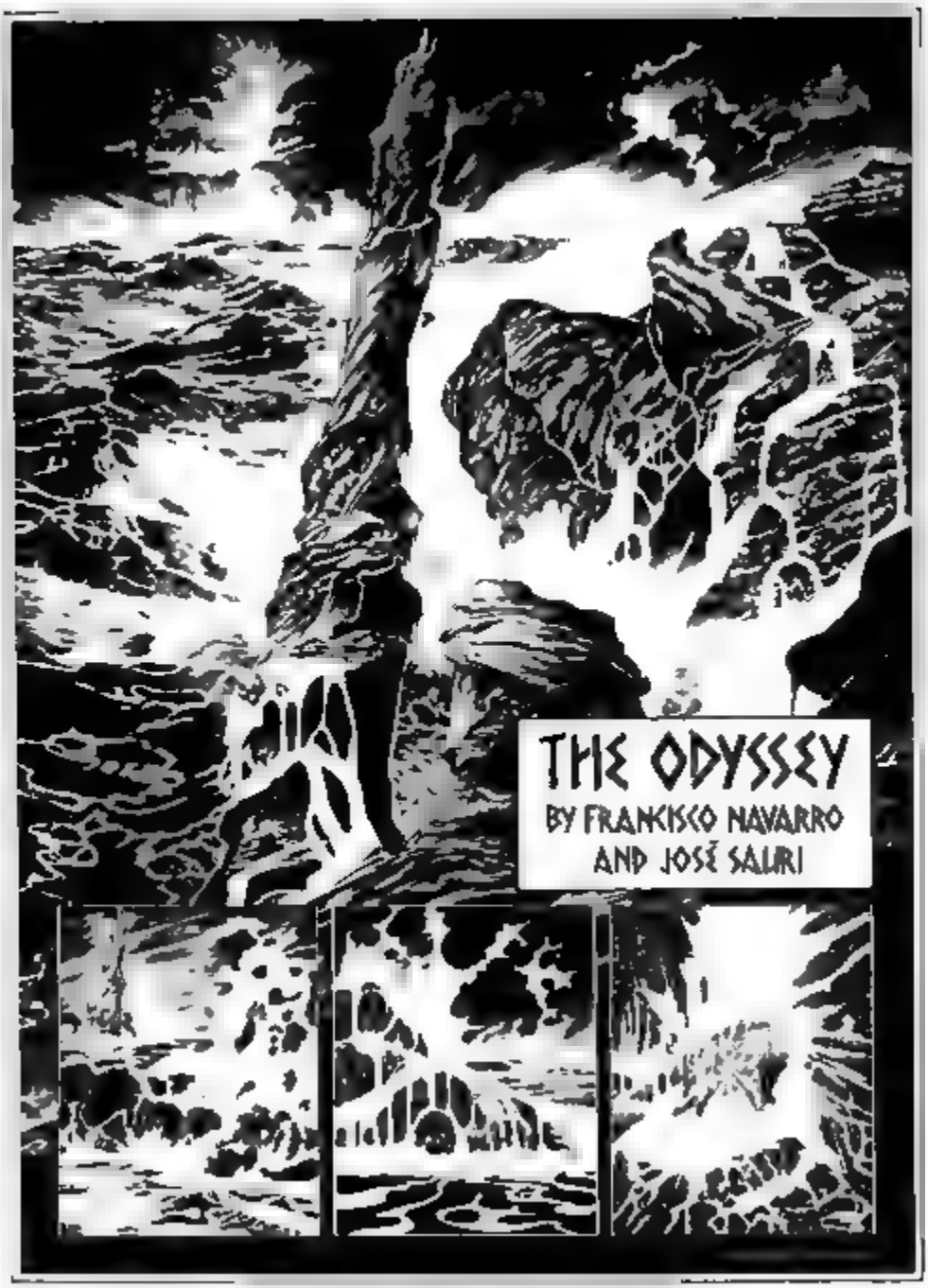

"And before we
WARNING!!!

"The voices of the brave lads and lasses of Squadron 4, 21st Tactical Assault Group drifted into and were lost in the dark embrace of Mother Void as their ships shrieked into the black bowels of the Neutral Zone."






"How does a woman measure distance in space? Normally from point to point. How does a person measure time?
"In the heat of battle, distance means nothing. TIME means nothing. I'm talkin' the big NAUGHT. Every ribosome seems like a marathon. A single martyr-ish berserker seems, marbers, like a MARBEC!
"Our goal lay just beyond deep-space radar range but it seemed we'd been on the far side of the bison galaxy as we hopscotched through a shifting moiré pattern of ionized hydrogen beams that sang beauty to the eye
and whispered DEATH to the
HEAVY METAL 19


THE ODYSSEY
BY FRANCISCO NAVARRO
AND JOSÉ SALURI

WHO, MAYFE HER?
DON'T GO! PLEASE
COME WITH ME, PRINCESS!
SOMEONE GAVE A CLOAK TO THIS UNHAPPY MAN. HE WAS ALREADY HAD MUCH MISFORTUNE ON OUR SOIL. I WONDER WHO DID THIS
HEAR! BUZZ THIS!

...Don't Get Caught Without Your HEAVY METAL!

Berni Wrightson's Hanover Fiste and his no'er-do-well accomplice Captain Stemn. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them on the golden screen. Now see them coming and going. This durable four-color cotton T-shirt is a must for the spring season.

The newest edition of HM fantasy wear: our silver satin-like jacket, equipped with a cotton lining, and front pockets too.

The original HM T-shirt comes in red and black and is made of cotton-blend. (Get more for your money that way!)

It's all in the name! Each weighty HM bronze belt buckle is 3¼" × 2" and will fit any standard belt. Ideal, when dressing for your first prison ball.

Heavy Metal, Dept. 483
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022
Please send me the following items:

Captain Stemn T-shirts — x-small — medium — large at $7.50 each.
Heavy Metal T-shirts — small — medium — large — red — black at $7.50 each
Heavy Metal jackets — small — medium — large at $35.00 each
Heavy Metal belt buckles at $10.95 each

All prices above include postage and handling.

New York State residents please add applicable sales tax.
Total enclosed

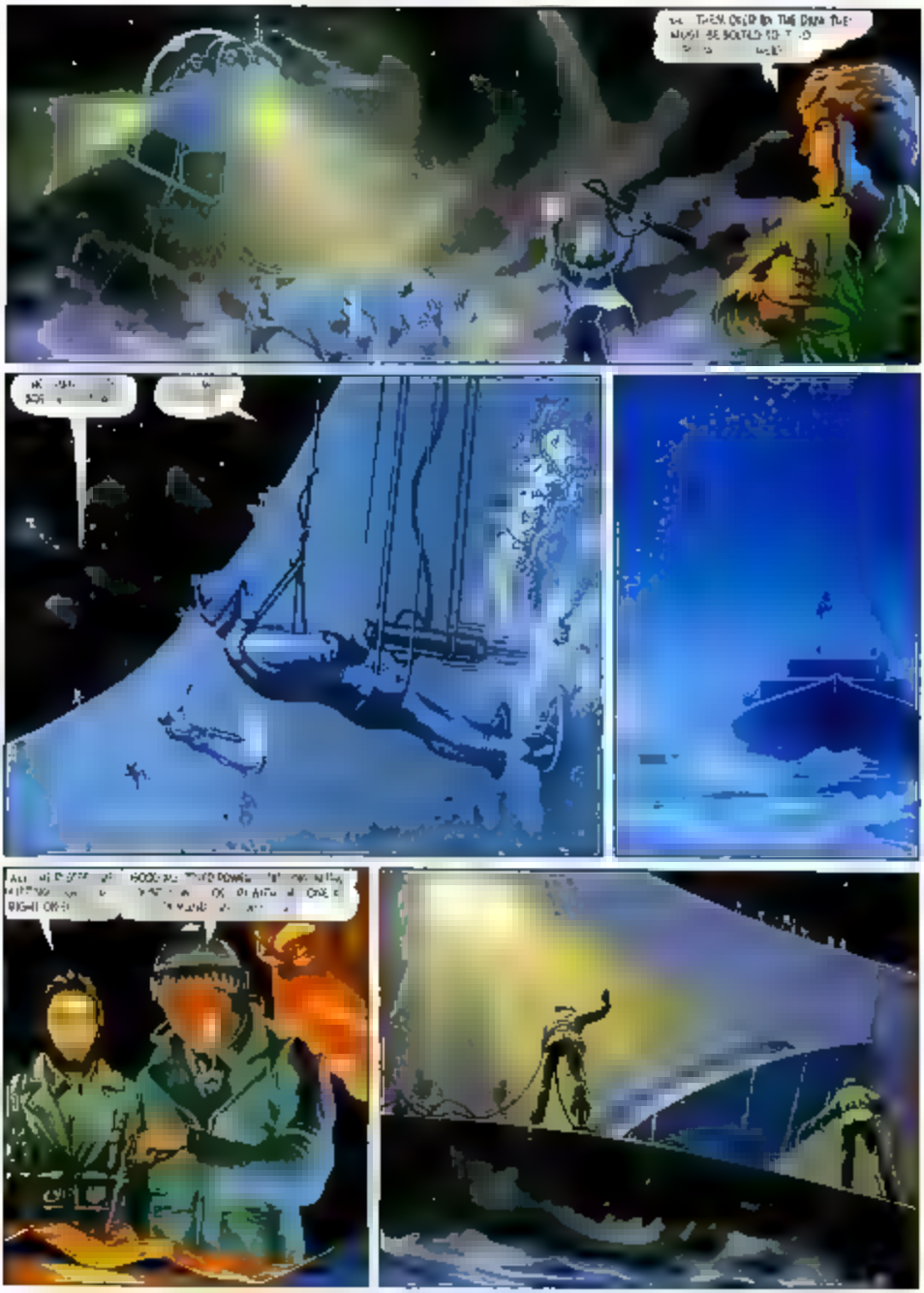
Name

Address

City — State — Zip

EUREKA!

THAKA THAKA THAKA

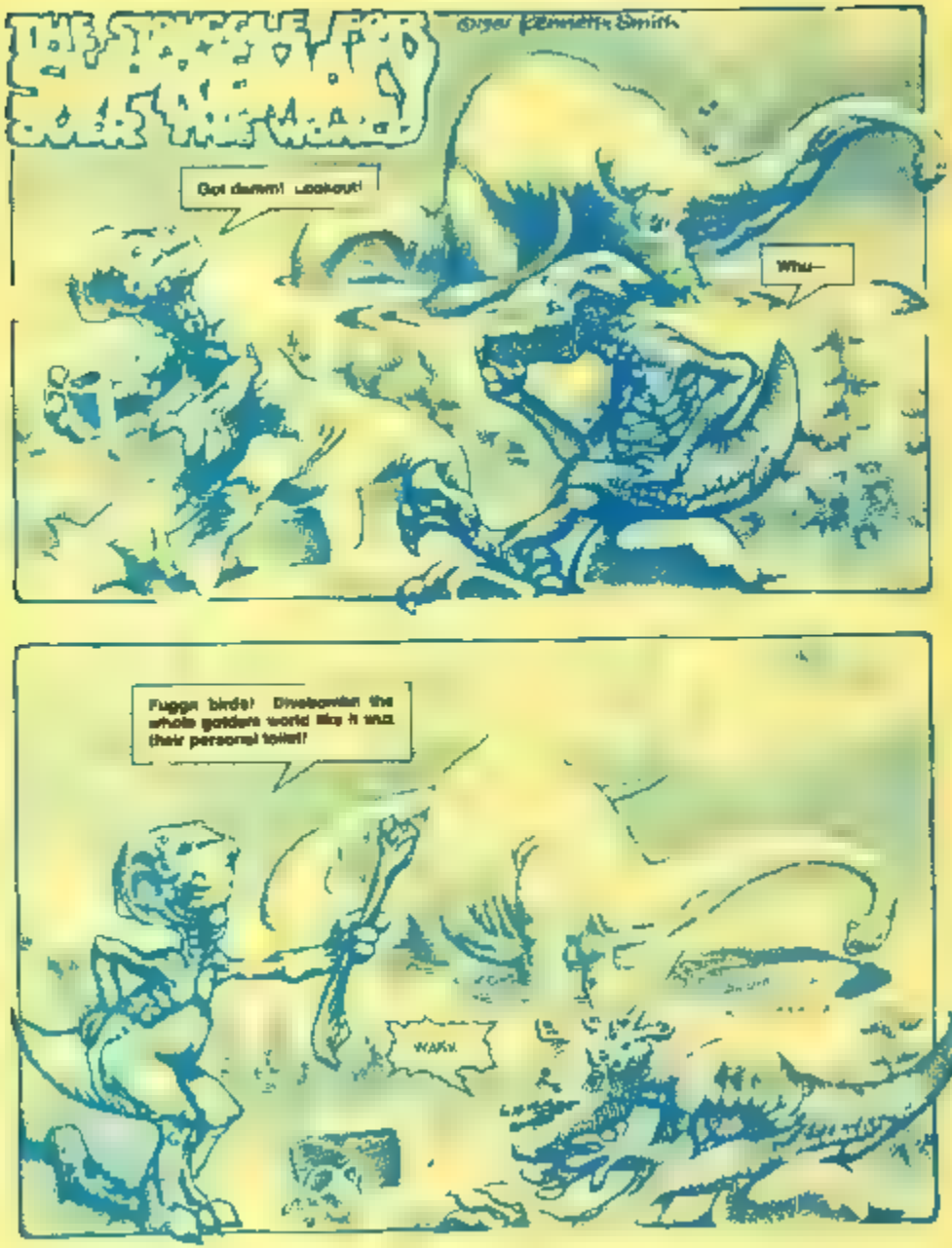


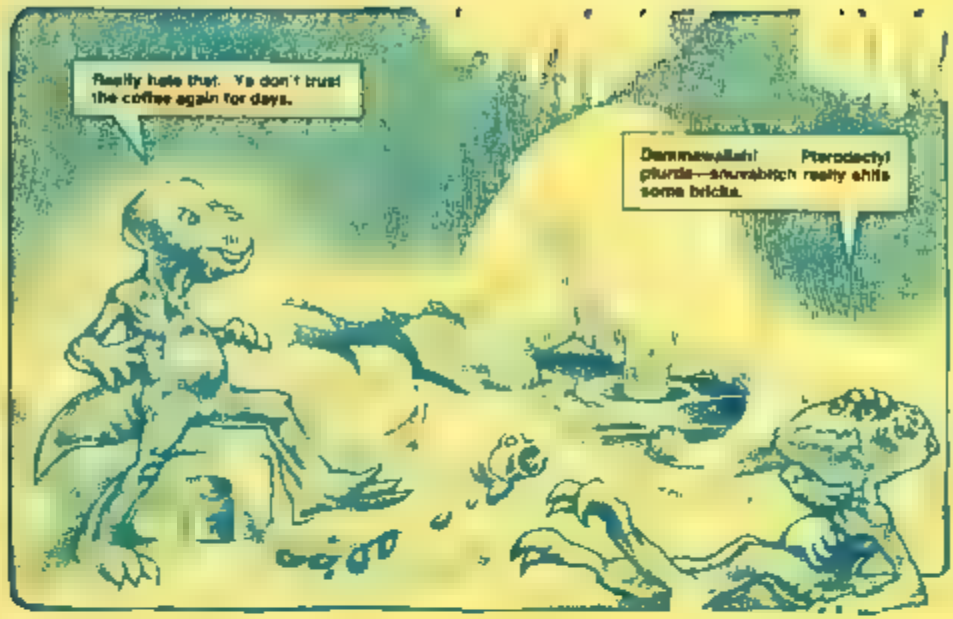
SPEECH!!!...
CLACK

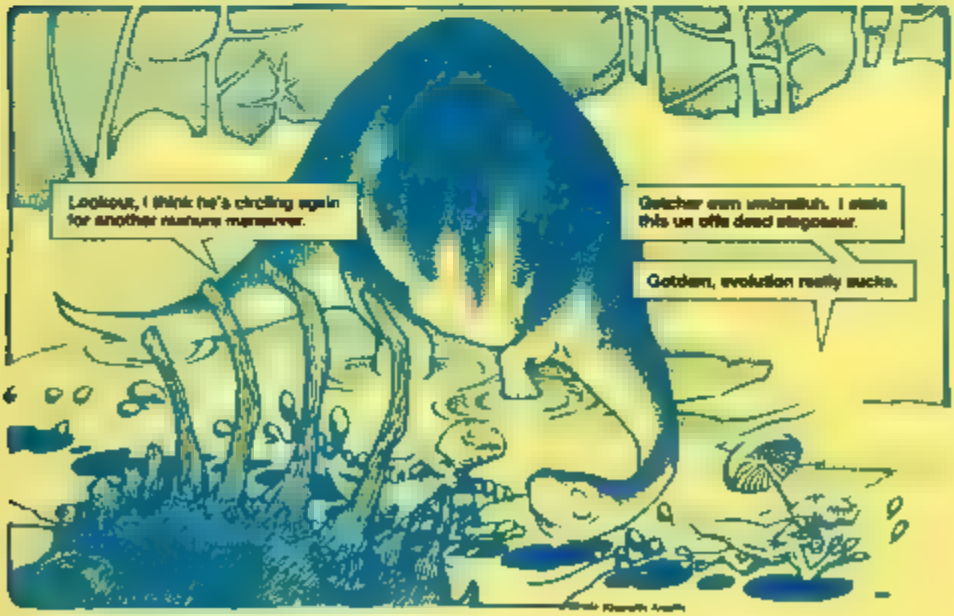
GREETINGS, FELLOW INHABITANTS OF THIS ISLAND EARTH
RISE UP
RISE UP
RISE UP
RISE UP
RISE UP!

THE IT, or Who Glows There?

BY NICOLA [illegible]TI

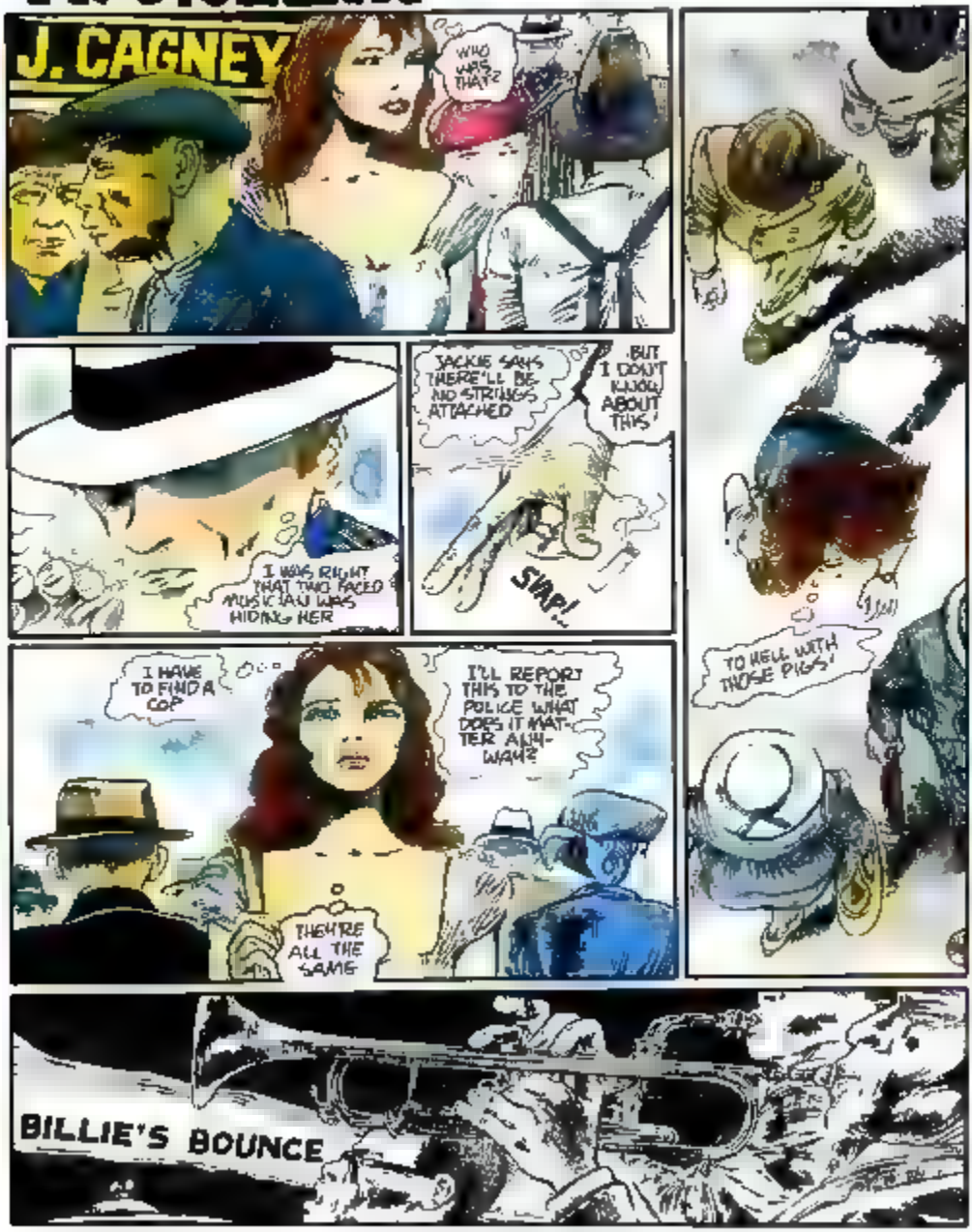

Got damn! Lookout!
Whu–
Fugga birds! Divebombin the whole golden world like it was their personal toilet!
WARK


Really hate that. Ya don't trust the coffee again for days.
Dammaw-jallah! Pterodactyl pturds—sawrabbish really shits some bricks.


Lookout, I think he's circling again for another nuisance manoeuvre.
Getcher arm outerdish. I stole this un offa dead stegosaur.
Goddam, evolution really sucks.

IF YOU INTEND TO DIE, YOU CAN DO ANYTHING.
FRANK MILLER'S
RONIN
COMING IN APRIL FROM THE NEW DC

THE MAN FROM HARLEM

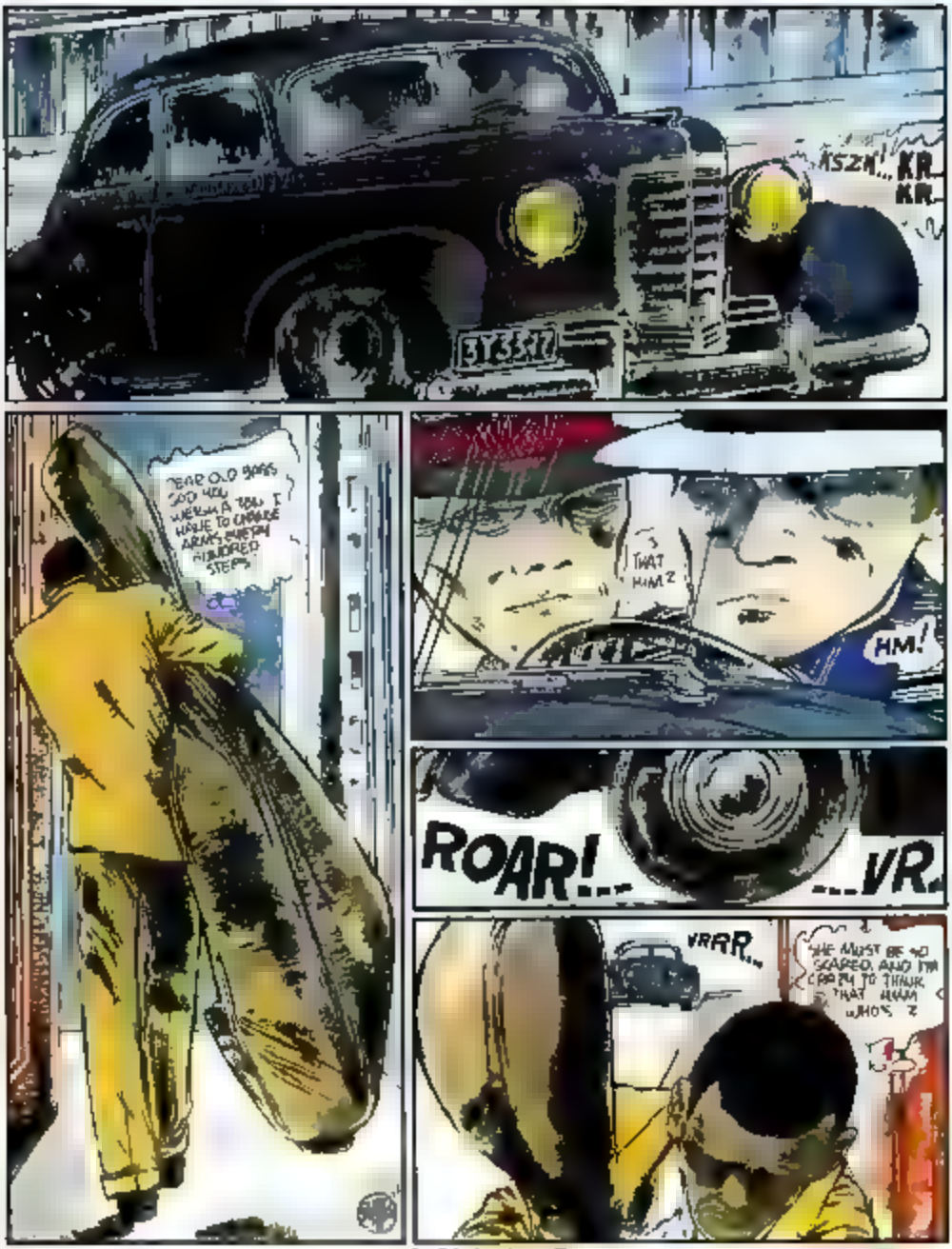


EXCUSE ME BUT, COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE THE NEAREST POLICE STATION IS?
RIGHT AT THE CORNER OF 15TH STREET, MISS
SHE DOESN'T WASTE ANY TIME
THANKS
HEY! CAN I HELP YOU OUT?
IF THAT DAME THINKS SHE'S GOING TO THE COPS
KLACTOVEEDSEDSTENE
UN POCO LOCO
SHE'S DEAD ALRIGHT

I DON'T KNOW, JACKIE, KLEW.
THERE HE IS.
HERE STREET IS IN AUD

NOO!
BANG!
BANG!
STOP HIM! HE JUST SHOT THIS WOMAN
OH, MY GOD!
TRRRRR...
BANG!
UN POCO LOCO
BANG!
POOR GIRL!
POLICE

IT'S A DISASTER
WEAVIN
DONE WHILE YOU



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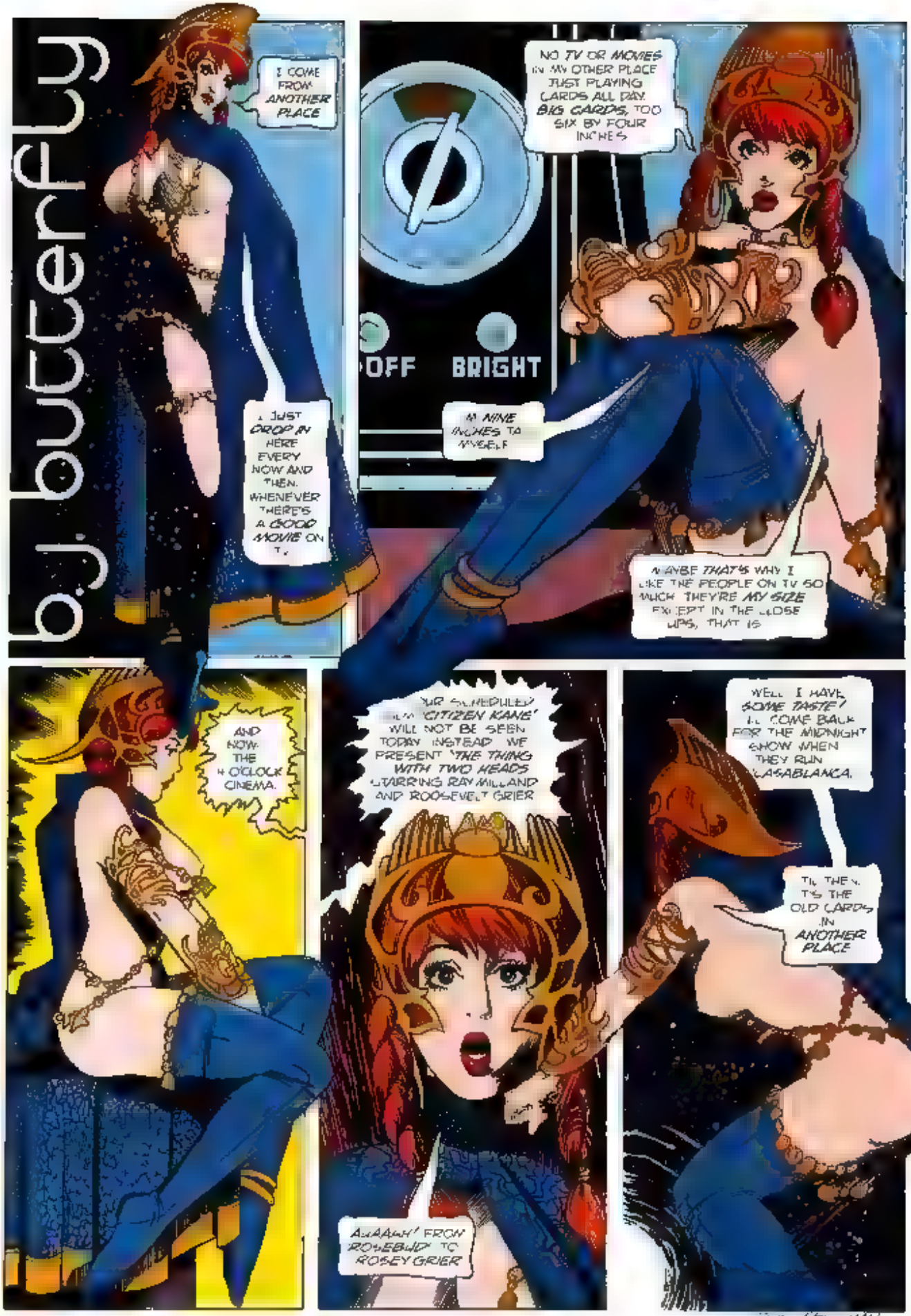
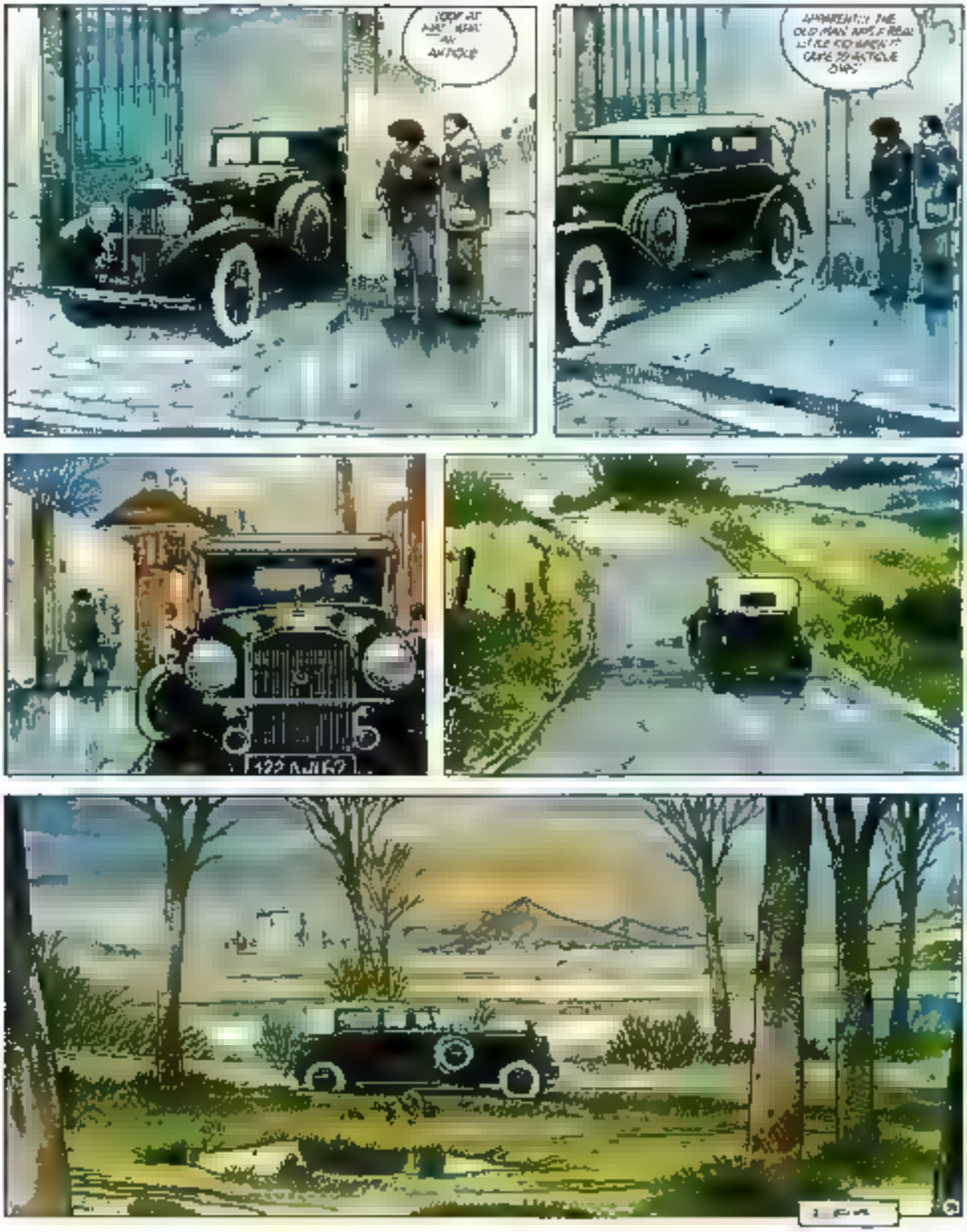
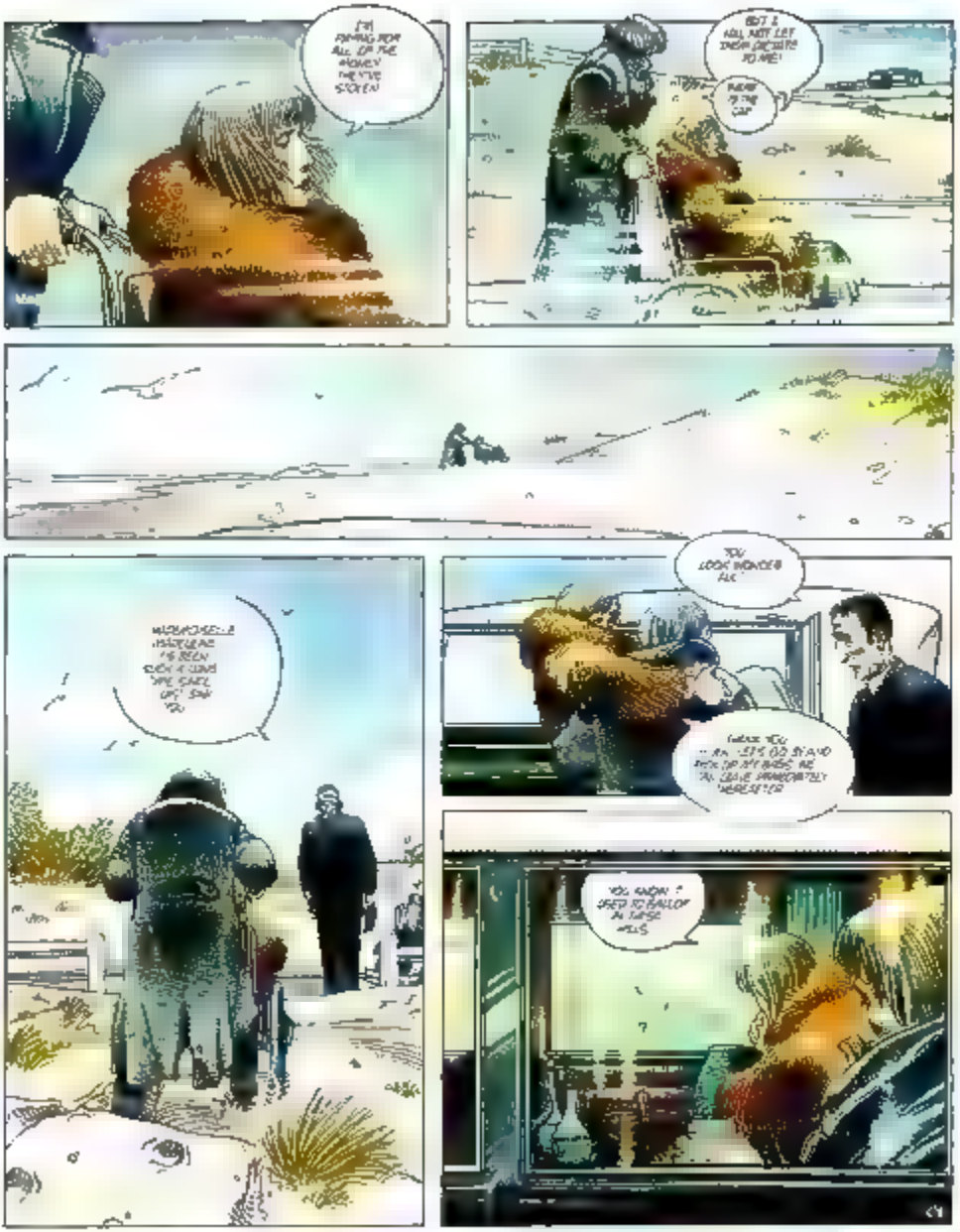

b.j. butterfly
I COME FROM ANOTHER PLACE
I JUST DROP IN HERE EVERY NOW AND THEN. WHENEVER THERE'S A GOOD MOVIE ON TV.
NO TV OR MOVIES IN MY OTHER PLACE JUST PLAYING CARDS ALL DAY. BIG CARDS, TOO SIX BY FOUR INCHES
OFF
BRIGHT
I'M NINE INCHES TO MYSELF
MAYBE THAT'S WHY I LIKE THE PEOPLE ON TV SO MUCH THEY'RE MY SIZE EXCEPT IN THE CLOSE UPS, THAT IS
AND NOW THE 4 O'CLOCK CINEMA.
CITIZEN KANE' WILL NOT BE SEEN TODAY INSTEAD WE PRESENT 'THE THING WITH TWO HEADS STARRING RAY MILLAND AND ROOSEVELT GRIER
AAAAW! FROM ROSEBUD TO ROSEY GRIER
WELL I HAVE SOME TASTE! I'LL COME BACK FOR THE MIDNIGHT SHOW WHEN THEY RUN CASABLANCA.
TIL THEN, IT'S THE OLD CARDS IN ANOTHER PLACE

The City That Didn't Exist

by P. Christin and Enki Bilal

NO!!


LOOK AT THAT! WHAT AN ANTIQUE
APPARENTLY THE OLD MAN AND A REAL LITTLE KID WATCH IT CAME TO ANTIQUE DAYS



TO BE CONTINUED

"There are things that exist. Things we cannot see...

... most of the time." METAZOA

Solotoff

CHAIN MAIL

If your predecessor, Brad the Impaler, had

my eyewitness account. A young

loving father of seven. No, uh, wait

To recap, Johnson's letter was in response

reply, you call, "If what you're saying is

shouldn't write about female sexuality, then

you're translating 'Zeus' into English. *That's a lie, Bob: Robert,* —h because she not

presents a sharp disappointment that he's not

silence is on her side: all eleven of the men Black quotes in conversation are successful

writers, two are successful in the lingerie

write. *Right.* Even-handed, huh? Black can talk to Al Goldstein, but not Gloria Leonard.

Marina Warner's recent studies of the Virgin Mary and Joan of Arc? Where, for that matter, is Philip Slater and Michel Foucault—but

And come on, Gina, given the subject don't you find accusing poor, pulp-dumpy-but beat Gloria Johnson of any sort of coy refu sal especially inappropriate? Honestly.

Yon Pai,
Robert Morales
New York, NY

P.S. I may be wrong, but didn't you promise Nicholas Davies in the August '82 'Chain Mail' that Black would what was it "expand his focus to include the very real

Well, Robert, it's like this. Ms. Johnson's letter was edited only a bit, and I don't think my impression of a coy refusal at all inappropriate. She seemed much more interested in scientific fact-dumps (especially the last two sentences of her letter) than in making any wo

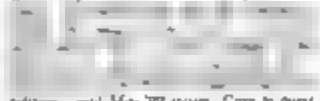
logical nobody would notice—is

Dear Metal Forgers,

I'd like to take a second to talk about covers (old topic). I was lucky to find in one

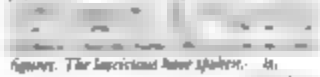
a page with all the covers for the first 31 issues. Of those thirty-one only eight had nude/partially nude women or likenesses

and clothed, or likenesses thereof. Now the point of having to sell was already discussed, but if a cover is strikingly unusual it will sell as much as if it was beautiful or sexy. The first thirty sold well, didn't they? *No, I*



pessimism—until May '82 issues. Care to guess which one sold 15,000 more copies? Sad but

point is survival.—In love those really unusual first covers not because of the novelty but because of the talent and quirks of the art. My opinions are, of course, purely subjective, but the better you know what is



figures. The Spectacular Spider-Man.—Jo

Sam
Bronx, NY

See! compelled to write to you since, as Jayne Mansfield is reputed to have said there are a couple of things I would like to get off my chest. The first concerns Lou

also be characterized by a lack of Stadtm Now that's clever.—Ed. Rod Kierkegaard is progressing with his strip, which at first was rather harmless. It started out as Either/Or but now it has become an Edifying Its course. I hope he doesn't reach his Crucifixi

David Black's ruminations baffle me com

numerous experience with the religious ex perience. In that respect there is nothing between him and Charlemagne, teenage rock fans and those affected persons who turn to Eastern religions; they are all seeking a

ciple in an animistic belief, and Western culture has come a long way from animism.

Sirs,

Do you think death puts a stop to an art s work? No way. You may still have Moebius and Richie Williams—but on our side of the fence, we have Wimpie McCoy collaborating with John Belushi. De Sade writing for Vaughn Bodé. Peter Sellers doing sit-coms with Groucho Marx Dashiell Hammett working with Ernie Bushmiller on a new "Nancy" strip. Virgil

Without your help, we wouldn't be where we are today.

Eternally grateful,
Reed Crandall

P.S. When are you going to send us Steranko? He's long past due, you know

HEARTS DESIRE

INC.

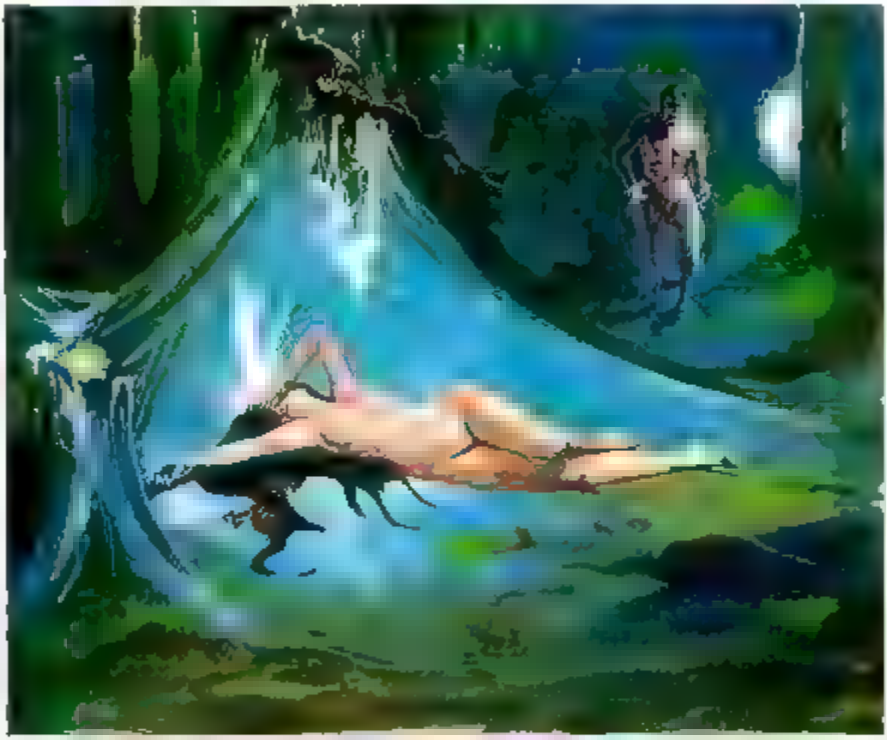
SHARKS?
I HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOUR TEN MINUTES
WITH OUR SUPER HEARTH
AND
AND REMEMBER YOU CAN EXTEND
THIS OUTSTANDING LEISURE
TIME EXPERIENCE FOR A MODEST
INSTALMENT OF 99p PER
INCLUDING FREE

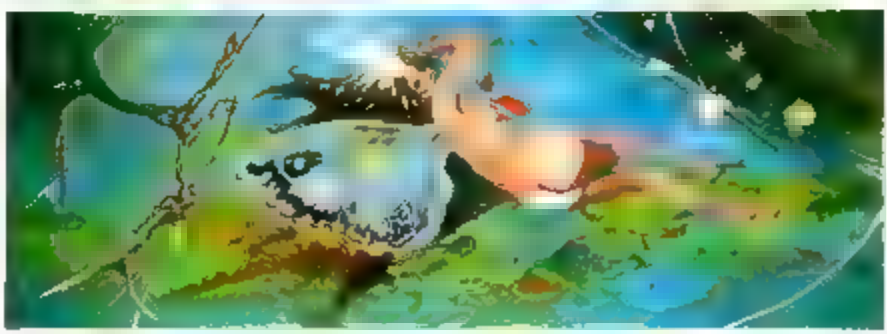
JUNE 1950

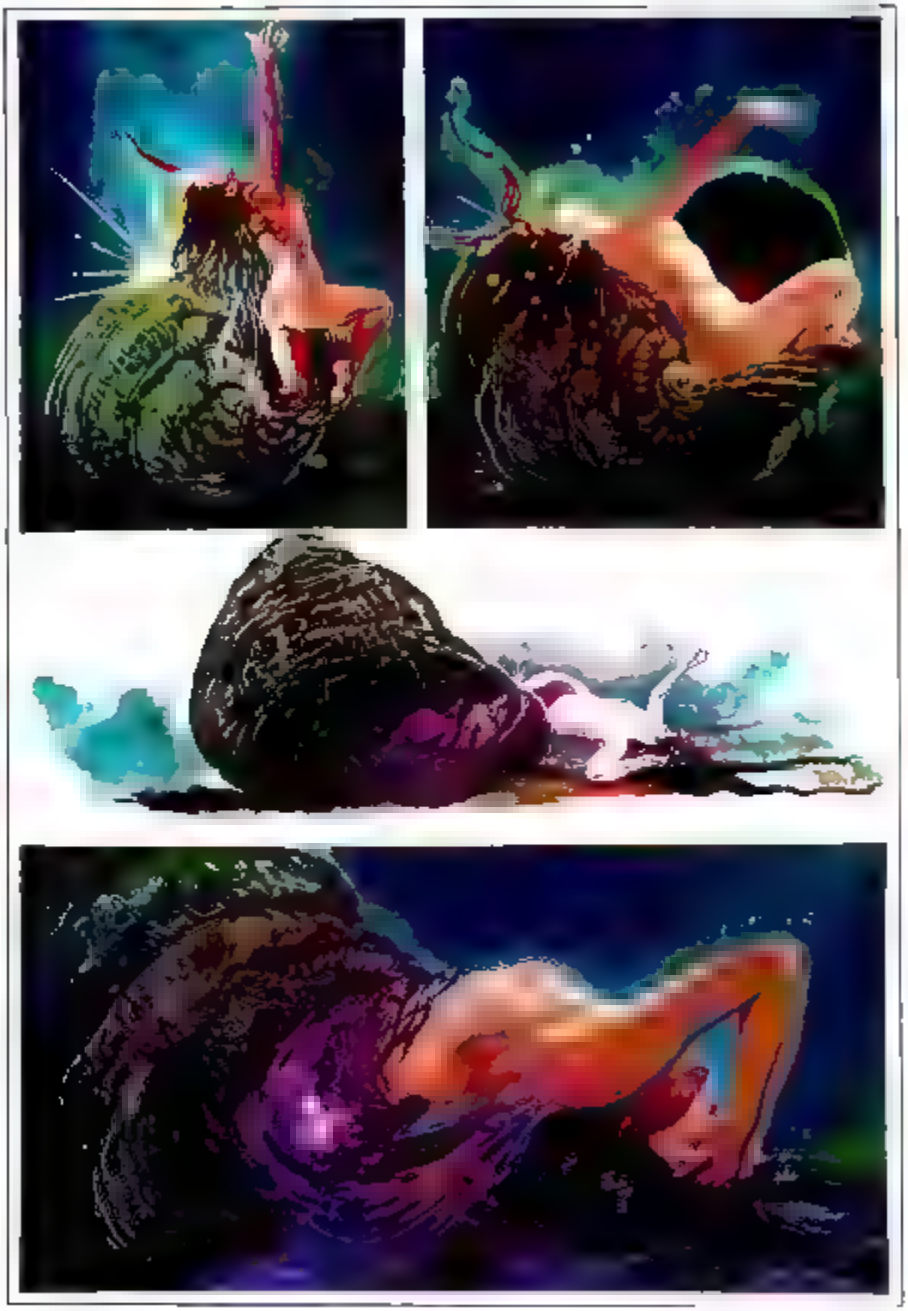
BY JOHN WORKMAN & KENT WILLIAMS

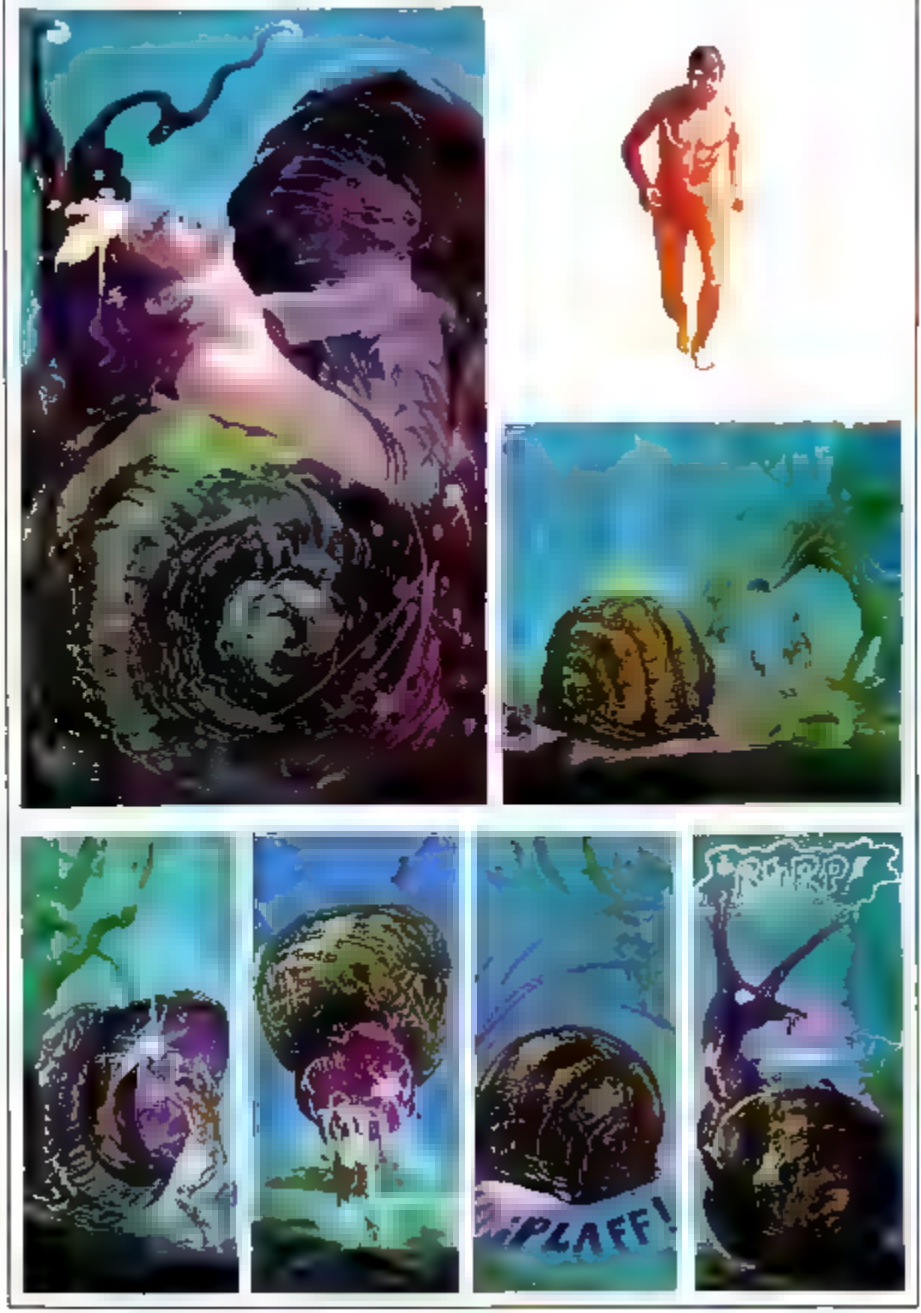
Crisálida

THERE COMES A TIME IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE WHEN HE DREAMS OF BEING ALONE WITH A VERY SPECIAL NAKED WOMAN








PLAFF!

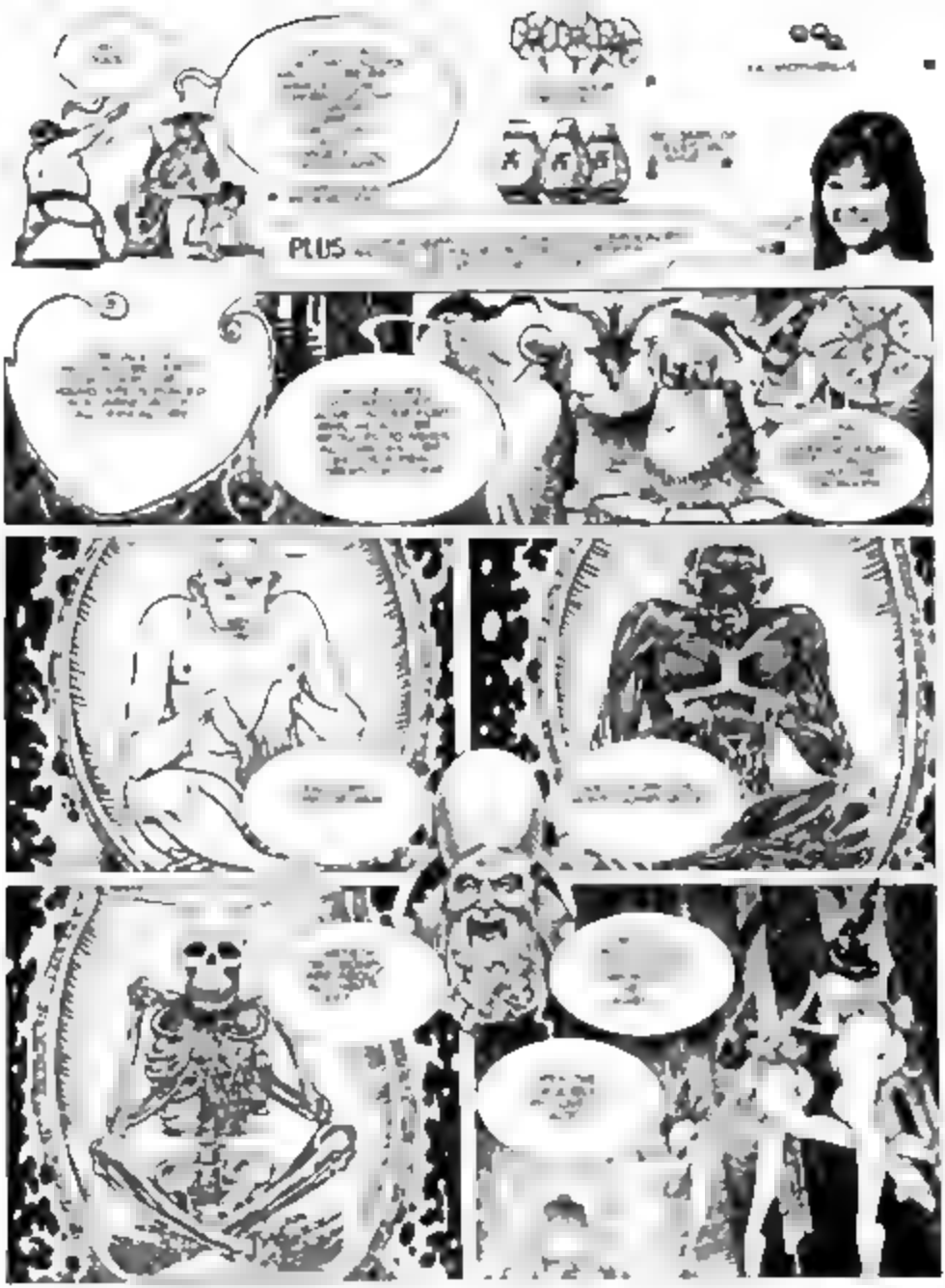
SAIL THE SUBLIMINAL SEA

QUARP.
NO WIN SCENARIO
AAUGH!

THE APE

LAST WE SAW THE YOUNG APE AND BAR-ANO WERE FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES ABOUT NECK AND NECK WHEN WE LEFT THEM

CONQUER? CONQUER CONQUER
AND WE'VE CONQUERED IN THE SKY
ON EARTH AND ON SEA
THAT SONG IS VERY NICE BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE THE TOP TEN YET?


PLUS

LONG LIVE FREEDOM!

YYARU
TPK
MASTER, WE ARE OUT OF FOOD BEFORE IN THE FIELD BUT AS FOR US, I DON'T KNOW WHO COULD HAVE GONE WRONG
LOOK, HERE, ZOMERO, YOU DIDN'T THINK YOU COULD STOP ME WITH THAT WIMP OLD MOUS
THIS LAND SHOULD BE RIGHT AND JUSTLY RULED JUSTLY WITH FULL POWER, BECAUSE HE WAS ENTRUSTED FROM THE EMPEROR
ETC. GO INTO THE CONFERENCE ROOM I MUST TEN TO KUNKAON BUDDHA HE IS OUR LAST HOPE

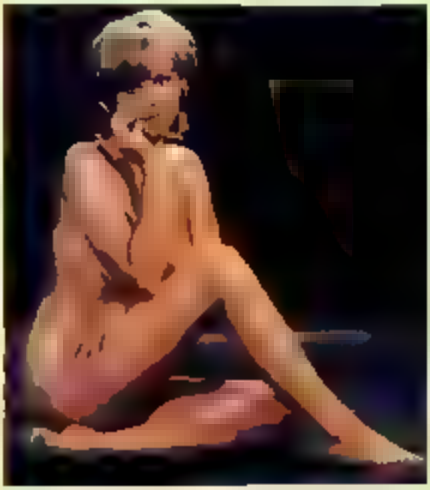
TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE

By subscribing to *National Lampoon* you can help us settle a terrible argument between Mandy and Candy.

Mandy and Candy here have just had one of the most awful arguments you ever heard. Well, Mandy told Candy (they're both marketing experts with MBAs) that she could sell more subscriptions to *National Lampoon* by wearing lots of eye shadow and posing in wholesome outdoor surroundings than Candy could posing her way. Candy said, "Tell me another one!"

Candy says that modern men respond better to a sales pitch that features an attractive woman, wearing minimal makeup, more coyly posed against a plain dark background. "Double phooey," says Mandy.

So it's up to you, the reader, to settle this argument by subscribing to the marketing technique of your choice. You can also save money, but that's a minor point outlined on the coupon. So, please, subscribe today for the marketing MBA of your choice and help us settle this argument between two girls we're very, very fond of. Maybe then we'll get some peace



"I just know I'm right," says Mandy. "Fill out my coupon and help me really show Candy!"

"I've my coupon to subscribe to *National Lampoon*," says Candy. "I've just got to put that Mandy in her place. She thinks she knows everything."

ZORA

AS AMOS KENNER, HAVE GIVEN IN ONE OF THE HORRIFYING MIND-MELDS, HE REVEALING PROTECTED BY THE MARINES, DEAD-OUT HORROR FROM AN ALIEN ALIEN. THIS TOOK PLACE DURING HIS HIBERNATION.

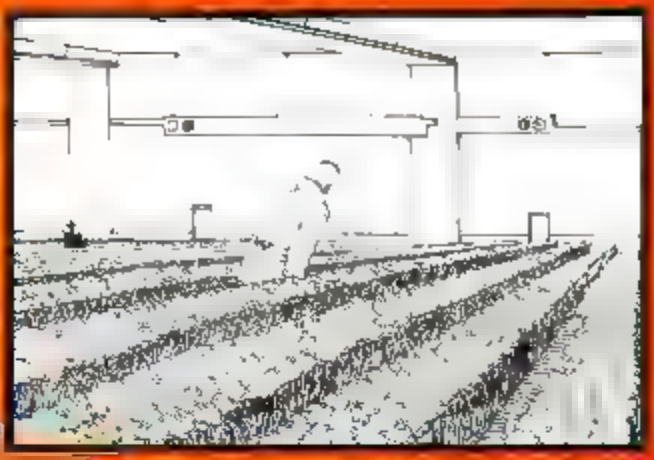
THE MENTAL SUGGESTIONS THAT HAD BEEN RECEIVED STARTED COMING IN LOUD AND CLEAR AGAIN, AS IF SOME PART OF HIS BRAIN WERE BROADCASTING IT AND NOT SOME EXTERNAL SOURCE. HE RESTED FOR A FEW MOMENTS... LETTING HIS CEREBRUM ABSORB ALL HIS LABORS AND TRIUMPHS ANEW. THEN HE TOOK TO HIS FEET IN SEARCH OF HIS NEW COLLECTIVE
THERE IT IS. THE SHIP CARRYING THE REST OF THE CREW. NOW, LOOKING TO BE AS CLOSE AS I CAN GET
OH, NO! OH-OH! THEY MUST FIGURE SOMETHINGS UP AFTER LOSING CONTACT WITH THEIR PATROL. I'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF THE SHIP FROM HERE BUT THEY OWN UNDER PATROL DOESN'T HAVE THE RANGE! I'LL HAVE TO USE ONE OF THESE NUCLEAR CHARGED MAGNETIC MINES
WOW! BET TO MEET JUST WHAT A MOMENT SOLDIER, REALLY AM
AND THE ATMOSPHERE CAPTURE
BUT HE'LL HAVE HEARD OF FUEL ONE THEY HAVE, OR THEY SHOOT
BOOM
BOOM

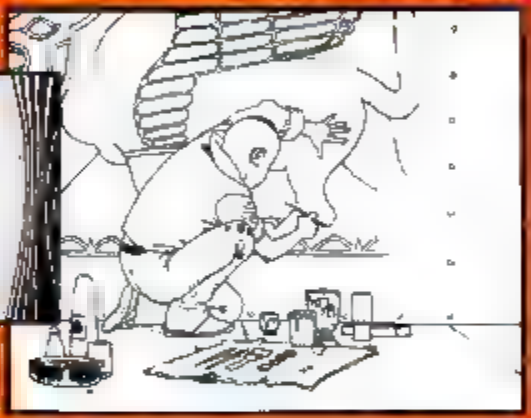
ARROW! LISTEN TO ME! YOU'RE IN DANGER! YOU MUST REGROUP!
ARROW! YOU'VE GOT TO REGROUP! YOUR SENSORS SHOW YOU'RE DEAD PHYSICALLY! BUT YOUR LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEMS SUPPLY A LINK. GET UP!
I CAN'T! MY ARMOR IS HARD WIRED TO ME!
FOOL! A FEW SECONDS DELAY COULD BE FATAL! YOU'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH OXYGEN TO MAKE IT BACK TO THE STARSHIP!
YOU MUST TRY AGAIN! CONCENTRATE! THE SPIDER HAS REMEMBERED YOU TEMPORARILY! YOU CAN DO IT!
THE FUTURE OF THE HUMAN RACE IS THE PART OF THE GALAXY DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU DO NOW
M-MAYBE IF I WATCHED CAREFULLY... I'M NOT A ROBOT! I'M SO TIRED!
OOH, THAT'S THE SPIDER THAT ATTACKED YOU! IF YOU SURVIVE YOU WILL SEE HER AGAIN! CHOSEN BY HELP YOU!
THE SPIDER-GOD AM BEFORE ARROW, JOHN, AND HE SEE THEY WOULD HAVE THERE SUDDENLY REVEALED TO ARROW IN A CLOCK SERIES OF MIND-FLASHES.
TO BE CONTINUED.

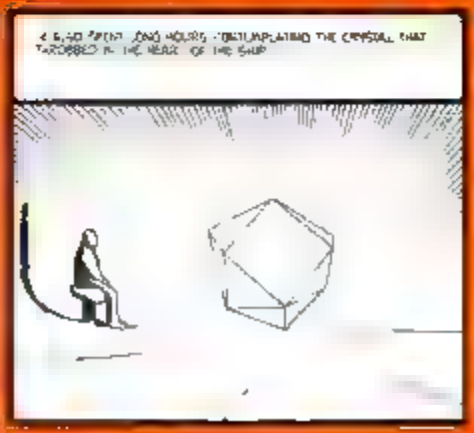
I'M AGE
THE LONGER YOU LIVE IN ONE PLACE THE MORE SUBTLE YOUR
I'M NOT MYSELF TODAY

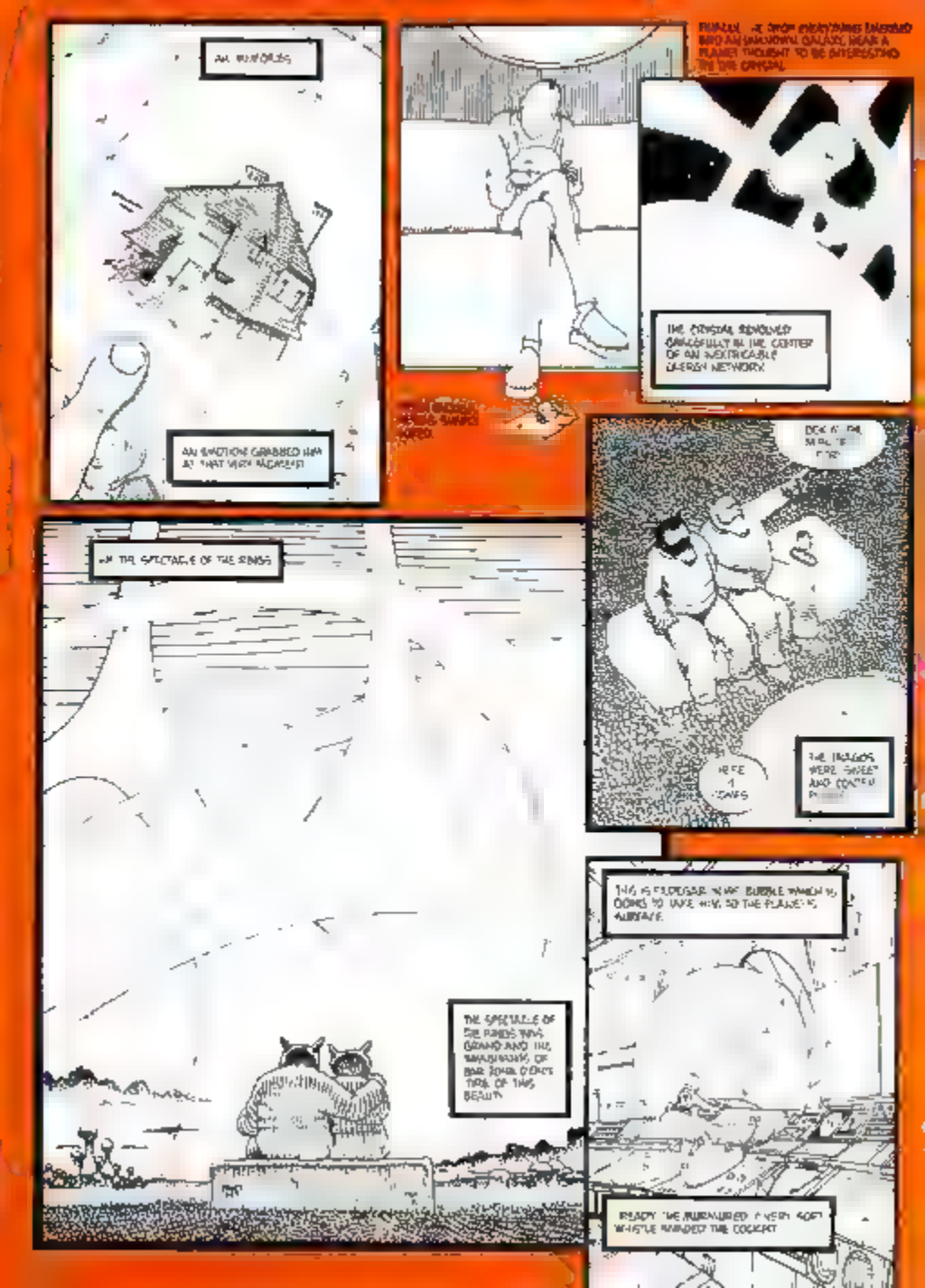
THE TWINKLE IN FILDEGAR'S EYE

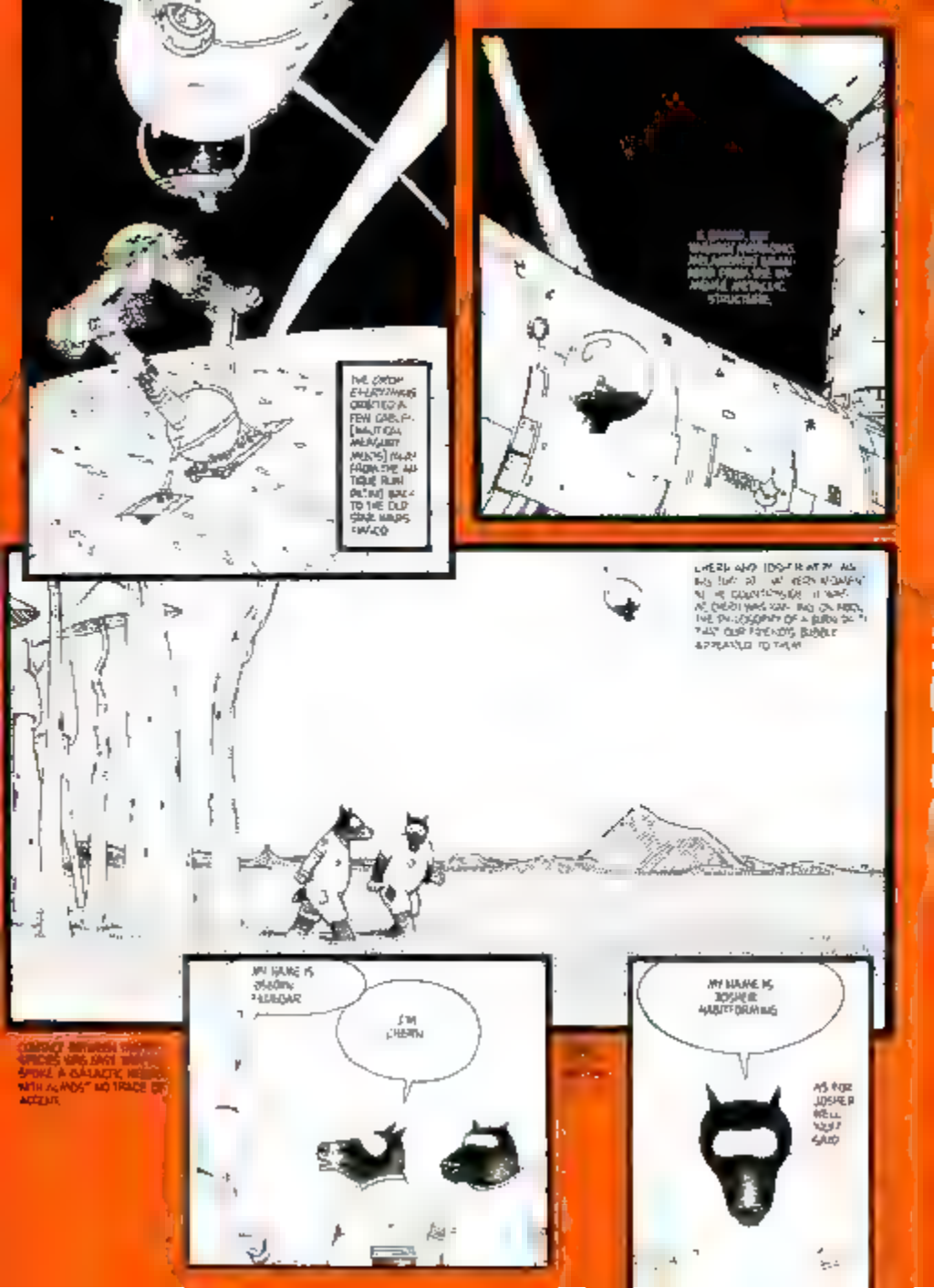
by Moebius

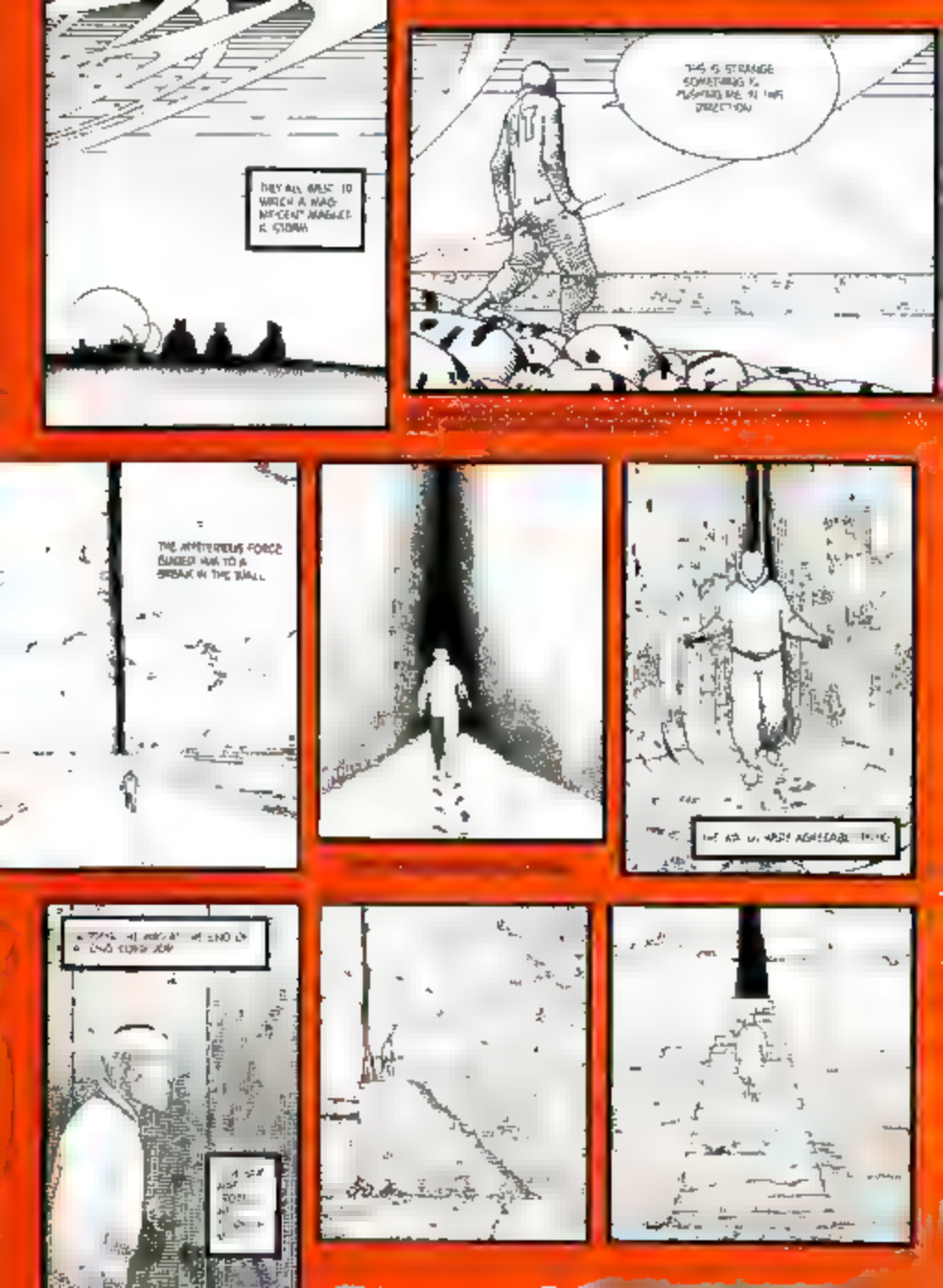


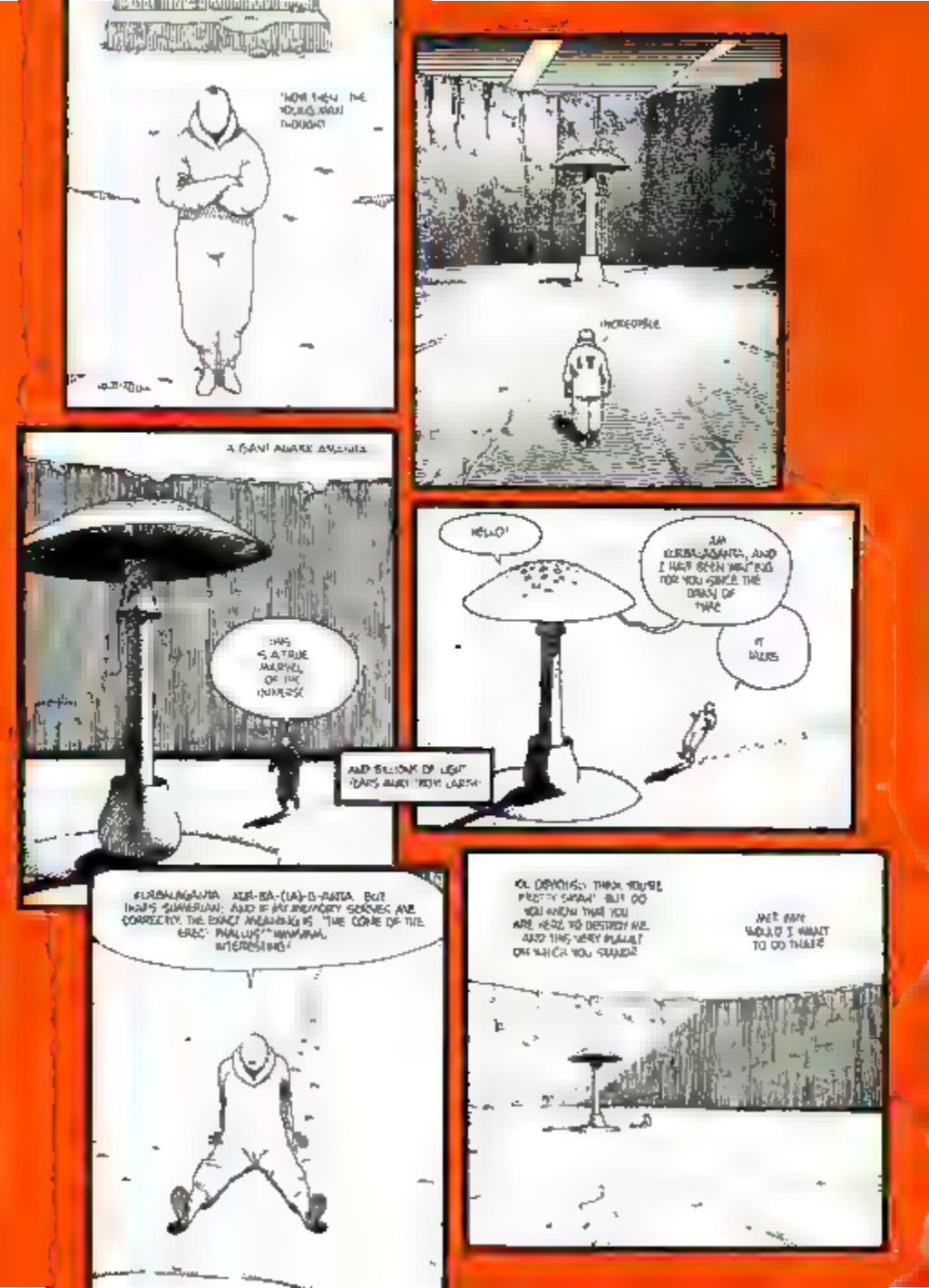




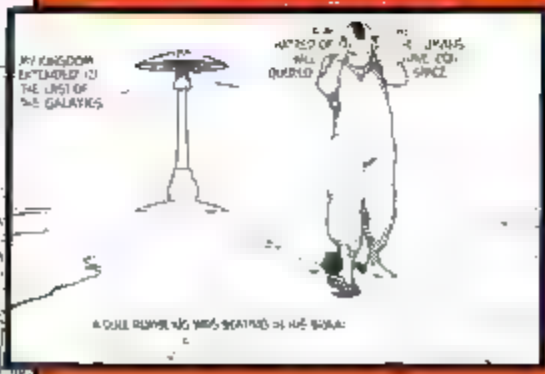

AN INVADER
AN EMOTION GRABBED HIM AT THAT VERY MOMENT
THE CRYSTAL REVOLVED GRACEFULLY IN THE CENTER OF AN INEXTRICABLE ENERGY NETWORK
DOES IT BE MALE OR FEM
HE'E 1 SAYS
THE INVADERS WERE SHEER AND COLD
IN THE SPECTACLE OF THE RINGS
THE SPECTACLE OF THE RINGS WAS GRAND AND THE IMAGINATION OF BAR ZONAR OTHER TOOK OF THIS BEAUTY
THIS IS FASCINATING WAR BUBBLE WHEN IT COMES TO LIKE HIM SO THE PLANETS ALREADY
READY WE INVENTED A VERY SOFT WHISTLE REMINDED THE COCKPIT


THE CATCH EVERYTHING ORIENTED A FEW CABLES (MAGNETICAL MEANS) AWAY FROM THE ULTIMATE RUN POINT BACK TO THE OLD SPACE WARPS DEVICE
IN SPACE, THE MECHANICAL MANIPULATORS ARE ALMOST USELESS. HERE THEY USE AN ANCIENT ARTIFACTS STRUCTURE.
CHEERS AND JOSHER AT ALL THAT IS AT HER MOMENT IN THE CONSTRUCTION. IT WAS AT CHEERS WAS NOT ON HERE THE DISCOVERY OF A BURN OF THAT OUR FRIENDS BUBBLE APPEARED TO THEM
MY NAME IS DRAGON TURBOAR
I'M CHEERS
MY NAME IS JOSHER HABITFORMING
AS FOR JOSHER WELL YOU'LL SEE
CHEERS BECAUSE THEIR SPECIES WAS ONCE WARPED SPACE A GALACTIC MESSAGE WITH ALIENS NO TRACE OF ACCENT


THEY ALL WENT TO WATCH A MAGNIFICENT MARKET IN STORM
THIS IS STRANGE SOMETHING IS PUSHING ME IN THIS DIRECTION
THE MYSTERIOUS FORCE GUIDED HIM TO A BREAK IN THE WALL


"NOW THEN, THE YOUNG MAN THOUGHT"
IMPOSSIBLE
A GIANT MARBLE MUSHROOM
"HAS A STATUE MARVEL OF THE UNIVERSE
AND BILLIONS OF LIGHT YEARS AWAY FROM EARTH!
HELLO!
I AM KURBALANGANTA, AND I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME
IT TALKS!
KURBALANGANTA: KUR-BA-(LA)-L-ANTA. BUT THAT'S SUMERIAN! AND IF MY MEMORY SERVES ME CORRECTLY, THE EXACT MEANING IS "THE COME OF THE ERECT PHALLUS"! HMMMM, INTERESTING!
OK, OBVIOUSLY THIS YOU'RE PRETTY SARAH. BUT DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU ARE HERE TO DESTROY ME, AND THIS VERY PLANET ON WHICH YOU STAND?
AND WHY WOULD I WANT TO DO THAT?

A STRANGE HARMONY THEN SEIZED MY BODY



CRYSTAL!
CRYSTAL
ALAS, THE CRYSTAL HAS SHARED OFF AND DECIDED NOT TO WAIT!
AND WITH THE CRYSTAL HE LONGED-FOR BACK, JOHN THUNDERBOLT WAS A SUPER-HERO. IT WAS THE BEGINNING AND END FOR THE SACRED MUSHROOM. AND NO ONE WAS EVER HEARD FROM MUDBAR
-FIN-

HEAVY METAL COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1 APRIL 77 SORRY SOLD OUT

#2/MAY 77 [illegible]

#3 JUNE 77 [illegible]

#4/JULY 77 [illegible]

#5/AUGUST 77 [illegible]

#6/SEPTEMBER 77 [illegible]

#7/OCTOBER 77 [illegible]

#8/NOVEMBER 77 [illegible]

#9/DECEMBER 77 [illegible]

#10 JANUARY 78 [illegible]

#11 FEBRUARY 78 [illegible]

#12 MARCH 78 [illegible]

#13 APRIL 78 [illegible]

#14 MAY 78 [illegible]

#15 JUNE 78 [illegible]

#16/JULY 78 [illegible]

#17 AUGUST 78 SORRY SOLD OUT

#18/SEPTEMBER 78 SORRY SOLD OUT

#19/OCTOBER 78 [illegible]

#20 NOVEMBER 78 [illegible]

#21 DECEMBER 78 [illegible]

#22/JANUARY 79 [illegible]

#23 FEBRUARY 79 [illegible]

#24/MARCH 79 [illegible]

#25/APRIL 79 SORRY SOLD OUT

#26/MAY 79 [illegible]

#27 JUNE 79 SORRY SOLD OUT

#28 JULY 79 [illegible]

#29 AUGUST 79 [illegible]

#30 SEPTEMBER 79 [illegible]

#31 OCTOBER 79 [illegible]

#32/NOVEMBER 79 [illegible]

#33/DECEMBER 79 [illegible]

#34 JANUARY 80 [illegible]

#35/FEBRUARY 80 [illegible]

#36/MARCH 80 [illegible]

#37 APRIL 80 [illegible]

#38 MAY 80 [illegible]

#39 JUNE 80 [illegible]

#40/JULY 80 [illegible]

#41 AUGUST 80 [illegible]

#42 SEPTEMBER 80 [illegible]

#43 OCTOBER [illegible] SORRY SOLD OUT

#44 NOVEMBER 80 [illegible]

#45/DECEMBER 80 [illegible]

#46 JANUARY [illegible] SORRY SOLD OUT

#47 FEBRUARY [illegible]

#48/MARCH 81 [illegible]

Printed in Belgium

...ons. What Is Really Real? and The Ambassador of the Shadows centers on Dru the Ambassador of Slaughter's castle Stormwater walls Plus Harlan Ellison's ever-ready say on the state of America.

#81/APRIL 81 An end to the Valley Cohens Bloodstar Dreadful's Good-bye Scheer marry Nesbit's Stunned Rom Landon and an interview with Julio Roberto Cruz There are more but it's time to get the list.

#80/MAY 80 Premiers of Chris Cody Starbuck and Billy the Immortal Kid! Plus Sky Jones The Old Bridge and William S. Burroughs on everything.

#81/JUNE 8 The 10 part of the Richard Corben interview in the mag's acquisition of Corben's pal Medea Harvest's Heroes winds up Plus Cara Lawyer Clipper and our part-time Warrior.

#82/JULY 8 Stephen King remakes it in The Blue Air Compressor Starwars's adaptation of Out and embargoes while Chris Moore's fantastic people of wizard's Blue.

#83/AUGUST 81 SORRY SOLD OUT!

#84/SEPTEMBER 8 SORRY SOLD OUT!

#85/OCTOBER 81 Shakespeare for Americans Ted episode of Sir Gladiator's Warriors a gallery not but Derecho to Dreamer Plus Jeff Jones Bilal and Starwars.

#86/NOVEMBER 81 Jeremiah's Egg & the World Jeff Jones Sagendorf and B a Jo Metal the art c and Dune Chech beautifully.

#87/DECEMBER 8 Strange encounters with Dalgoda Harry Jeffrey Jones Segrelles and Gulbert Plus Egg and Ag m The Immortals Tale.

#88/JANUARY 82 Out Happy Future issue includes Ang Jo Bilal Vess the one Queen and The Autonomous Man by David Chute Jeff Jones and Barbara Al surrounded by Chaykin and Kamenkar Segrelles Sagendorf and

#89/FEBRUARY 82 Begins with a whole adventure of John Dillon in The Ingel Egg! Wein and Chaykin Golden Fleece gets going again Plus Fernandez Jones Schuiten et al

#90/MARCH 82 Oh 2nd Special Rock issue featuring Dick Manning & the The Man a exhibition Jeff Jones Segrelles and Corben Plus

Garcia's Nova 2 begins Eileen Murphy brings us the Elvis Cult Plus our regulars Mercenary Den Rock Doors ex Envoy

#91/APRIL 82 Our 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material What Am Classical Druids Medieval Bilal and an essay on S Bilal and you be busy with our staff.

#92/MAY 82 We're sure we give you the 'all clear' of David Brooks Third Sexual Revolution and do you look at The Kid of Da Ex Schwarzenegger Plus Shirelles and Vanilla Fudge Velvet Underground.

#93/JUNE 82 We bravely bring you an Fantastic Cities issue with artists Vess Jeff Schenk and A Crumb all surrounded by regulars Druillet Moebius Snyder Jodorowsky and Fernandez Ezquerra.

#94/JULY 82 Margaret and a comics strange Like all the Groups and pages from Corben's Fighter to Fantasy Plus Jones Gene's Druillet etc.

#95/AUGUST 82 We proudly present Jones and Weightman's Fegal Rhow and Plus and Manara's The Ape Plus the Ages of The Hick Light by Moebius and Jodorowsky.

#96/SEPTEMBER 82 We give you Heavy Metal's Music & Beer Issue Jeff Jones's Barnum and Morgan's Object Plus our regulars Bilal Corben Druillet Sienkiewicz etc.

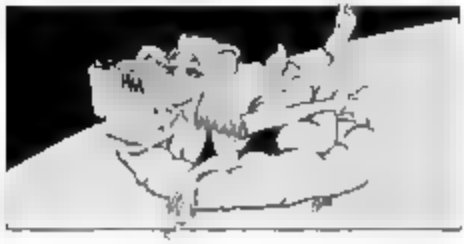
#97/OCTOBER 82 You Have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section! It has everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest sketches we've ever run! Don't miss it. P.S. Last part of Bilal's Third Sexual Revolution.

#98/NOVEMBER 82 Part of Kazuo Koike's Samurai Fantasy Terrorists continues in this Corben and Druillet's Voyage! Plus a peek at Wrightson's Necrom an issue's late Phenom.

#99/DECEMBER 82 A and Store Gallery the return of Suydam's Mudwog and Mars Fighting Amelia Mars! Plus our regulars Corben Fernandez and Richie Pepoy.

#100/JANUARY 83 We bring the strange conclusion to Wrightson's Pepoy Show a look at the Dark Crystal and our regulars Moebius Corben Fernandez etc Happy reading.

#101/FEBRUARY 83 The making of the film The Entity Jim Beckwith Earth Rock and our regulars Corben Nebula epics etc.



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Beautiful binders

For just $8.50 each (and one old standby — a white vinyl binder with a picture of a naked girl and a grasshopper on it). Or, our new, more sophisticated black "Metallhyde" binder (also with naked girl) for just $6.95. Each can be obtained check-by-mail, postpaid, through December of 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982 and 1983 (or 1984 if you're really a Sunday driver with nothing better to do).

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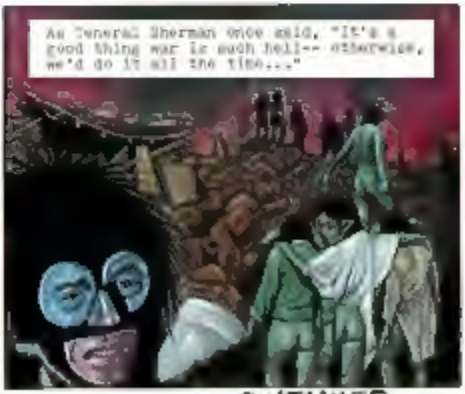
This action produced our only casualties-- for which "Buffnco" was inexplicably decorated and promoted.

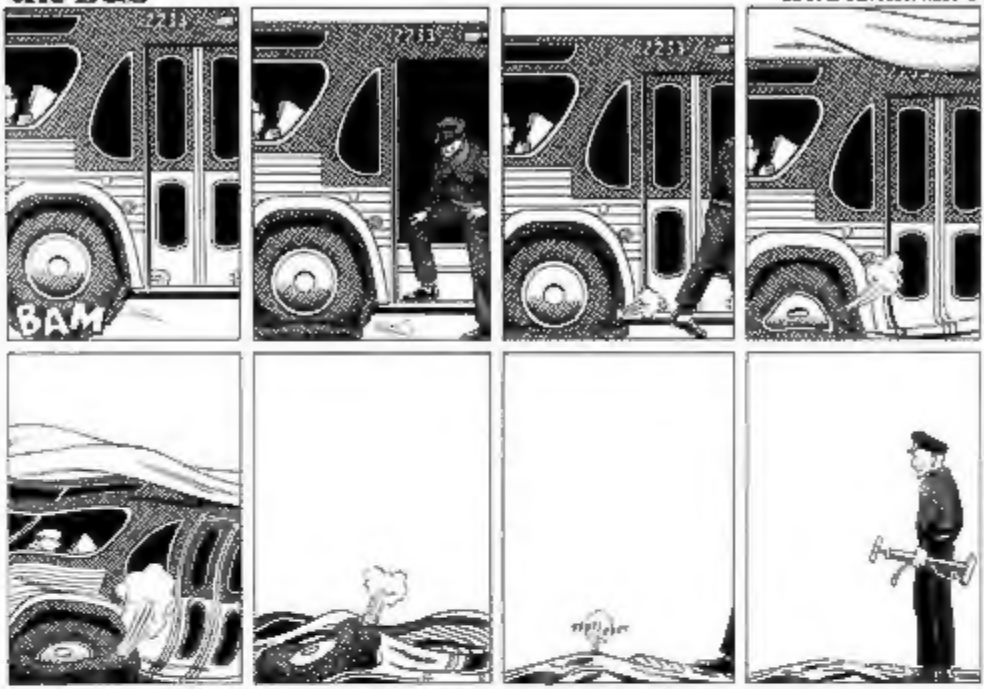
But even after the cause of the firing became evident, the bloodlust continued unabated.

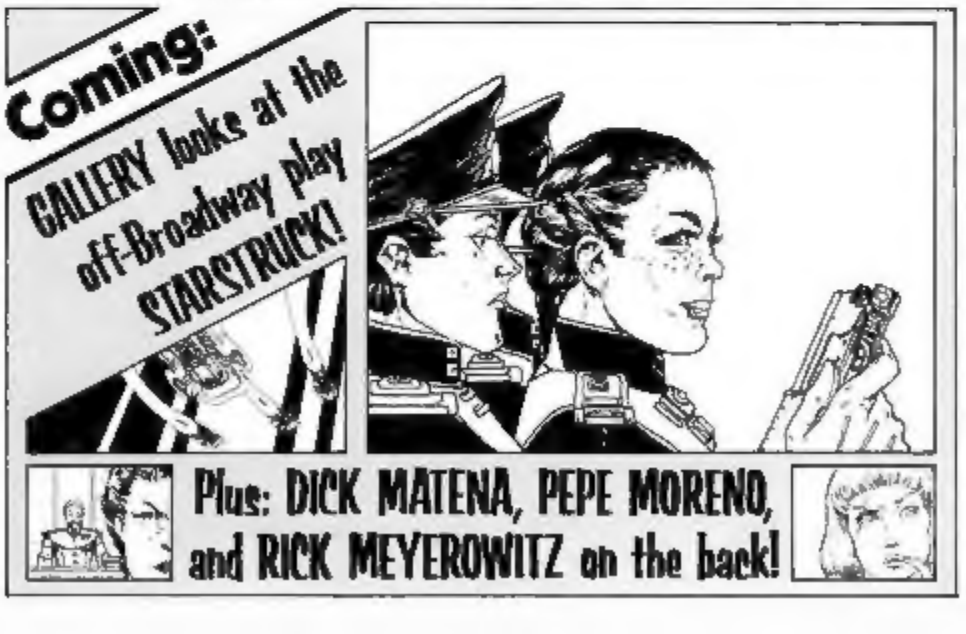


CONTINUED..

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER ©





Could it be? By George, it is! After a six month quest, a newsstand that hasn't sold out of Heavy Metal!

Don't be without this month's *Heavy Metal* like this guy almost was.

When traveling around the globe, it's not as easy as one might think to find an issue of *Heavy Metal*. Selling like hotcakes, *Heavy Metal* is not always attainable at the corner shop. One snip of the coupon below, and your monthly issue will be sent wherever you please. Take a moment, and insure your delivery of a year's (or two, or three) worth of the world's foremost adult illustrated fantasy material.

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Three years (36 issues), regular price $39.00. Now only $29.00 (80¢ per issue)
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Please enter my *Heavy Metal* subscription for
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Checks must be payable within U.S. or Canada. Add $5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries.

If you do not wish to cut the coupon, but do wish to order, please print or type all necessary info on a separate piece of paper, and enclose it with a check or money order.

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